THE SIGN

JESU XPI PASSIO

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Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

While Living: One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

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Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
July 25, St. James	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

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*LONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

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The Passionist Missionaries

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Union City New Jersey

THE SIGN

A·NATIONAL·CATHOLIC·MAGAZINE

CONTENTS, MAY, 1931

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

Rev. Harold Purcell, C.P.
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

New Delegate to India

As successor to Archbishop Mooney, the Holy Father has appointed the General of the Passionist Order, the Most Reverend Leo Kierkles, as Apostolic Delegate to India.

Father Leo was born on December 12, 1882, at Baexem in the Province of Ruremonde, Holland, and entered the Passionist Preparatory College at Ere, Belgium, in 1894. On May 1, 1899, he became a professed member of the Order. His ecclesiastical studies, begun and continued in Holland, were completed at the Passionist International House of Studies in Rome. He was ordained to the priesthood in Holland on December 22, 1906.

Following his ordination he was sent to our Monastery of St. Martha in Bethany, Palestine, to take a post-graduate course in Sacred Scripture at the world-famous Biblical School under the direction of the French Dominicans. In 1908 he was called to Rome to take the chair of theology at our International College. At the General Chapter of the Order in 1914 he was elected Secretary General. In this capacity he accompanied the General, the Most Reverend Silvio di Vecchi, C.P., on a canonical visitation of the Passionist Monasteries in Great Britain and Ireland during the World War.

At the General Chapter of 1920 he was elected to the important office of Procurator General. Shortly afterwards he accompanied the General, as interpreter, on the canonical visitation of the American and Australian Provinces. He returned to the United States in 1923 to preside at the triennial chapters of the Eastern and Western Provinces. At the last General Chapter, held in Rome in 1925, he was elected General, the first foreign Passionist to succeed St. Paul of the Cross, the Founder of the Passionist Order. Until his recent appointment he was a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Religious, and of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda Fidei.

Father Leo is a brilliant scholar, seasoned diplomat and a distinguished linguist; he not only reads but speaks—and fluently—English, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German and Dutch. The remarkable endowments of heart and mind which made him so valuable to the Order he loved so ardently and served so efficiently will find a broader sphere in his new office. Always an enthusiastic promoter of Foreign Missions, the present disturbed situation in India—as much religiously as politically upset—will afford him an exceptional opportunity for exercising his varied talents in furthering the Kingdom of God. As the official organ of the Passionist Missions in China, THE SIGN is privileged to extend to the new Delegate sincerest wishes for a long and successful career in the immediate service of the Vicar and Church of Christ.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

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Current Fact and Comment

"On the Condition of Labor"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *May 15 of this year marks the fortieth anniversary of the outstanding Encyclical Letter of the great Leo XIII. It was dated from Rome, May 15, 1891. Officially known as* Rerum Novarum, *it is popularly called "On the Condition of Labor," or the Labor Encyclical. It so clearly lays down the authoritative principles that should underly the relations of Capital and Labor that we have thought it well to summarize its contents in this department.*

Private Ownership

IT is surely undeniable that, when a man engages in remunerative labor, the very reason and motive of his work is to obtain property, and to hold it as his own private possession. If one man hires out to another his strength or his industry, he does this for the purpose of receiving in return what is necessary for food and living; he thereby expressly proposes to acquire a full and real right, not only to the remuneration, but also to the disposal of that remuneration as he pleases. Thus, if he lives sparingly, saves money, and invests his savings, for greater security, in land, the land in such a case is only his wages in another form; and, consequently, a working man's little estate thus purchased should be as completely at his own disposal as the wages he receives for his labor. But it is precisely in this power of disposal that ownership consists, whether the property be land or movable goods. The *Socialists,* therefore, in endeavoring to transfer the possessions of individuals to the community, strike at the interests of every wage earner, for they deprive him of the liberty of disposing of his wages, and thus of all hope and possibility of increasing his stock and of bettering his condition in life.

Rights of the Family

THAT right of property, therefore, which has been proved to belong naturally to individual persons must also belong to a man in his capacity of head of a family; nay, such a person must possess this right so much the more clearly in proportion as his position multiplies his duties. For it is a most sacred law of nature that a father must provide food and all necessaries for those whom he has begotten; and, similarly, nature dictates that a man's children, who carry on, as it were, and continue his own personality, should be provided by him with all that is needful to enable them honorably to keep themselves from want and misery in the uncertainties of this mortal life. Now, in no other way can a father effect this except by the ownership of profitable property, which he can transmit to his children by inheritance. A family, no less than a State, is, as we have said, a true society, governed by a power within itself, that is to say, by the father. Wherefore, provided the limits be not transgressed which are prescribed by the very purposes for which it exists, the family has, at least, equal rights with the State in the choice and pursuit of those things which are needful to its preservation and its just liberty.

Employer and Employee

THE great mistake that is made in the matter now under consideration, is to possess oneself of the idea that class is naturally hostile to class; that rich and poor are intended by nature to live at war with one another. So irrational and so false is this view, that the exact contrary is the truth. Just as the symmetry of the human body is the result of the disposition of the members of the body, so in a State it is ordained by nature that these two classes should exist in harmony and agreement, and should, as it were, fit into one another, so as to maintain the equilibrium of the body politic. Each requires the other; capital cannot do without labor, nor labor without capital. Mutual agreement results in pleasantness and good order; perpetual conflict necessarily produces confusion and outrage. Now, in preventing such strife as this, and in making it impossible, the efficacy of Christianity is marvelous and manifold. First of all, there is nothing more powerful than Religion (of which the Church is the interpreter and guardian) in drawing rich and poor together, by reminding each class of its duties to the other, and especially of the duties of justice. Thus Religion teaches the laboring man and the workman to carry out honestly and well all equitable agreements freely made, never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to em-

ploy violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder; and to have nothing to do with men of evil principles, who work upon the people with artful promises, and raise foolish hopes which usually end in disaster and in repentance when too late. Religion teaches the rich man and the employer that their work people are not their slaves; that they must respect in every man his dignity as a man and as a Christian; that labor is nothing to be ashamed of, if we listen to right reason and to Christian philosophy, but is an honorable employment, enabling a man to sustain his life in an upright and creditable way; and that it is shameful and inhuman to treat men like chattels to make money by, or to look upon them merely as so much muscle or physical power. . . . Then, again, the employer must never tax his work-people beyond their strength, nor employ them in work unsuited to their sex or age. His great and principal obligation is to give to every one that which is just. Doubtless before we can decide whether wages are adequate many things have to be considered; but rich men and masters should remember this—that to exercise pressure for the sake of gain, upon the indigent and destitute, and to make one's profit out of the need of another, is condemned by all laws, human and divine. To defraud any one of wages that are his due is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of Heaven.

The Church and the Poor

NEITHER must it be supposed that the solicitude of the Church is so occupied with the spiritual concerns of its children as to neglect their interests temporal and earthly. Its desire is that the poor, for example, should rise above poverty and wretchedness, and should better their condition in life; and for this it strives. By the very fact that it calls men to virtue and forms them to its practice, it promotes this in no slight degree. Christian morality, when it is adequately and completely practiced, conduces of itself to temporal prosperity, for it merits the blessing of that God Who is the source of all blessings; it powerfully restrains the lust of possession and the lust of pleasure—twin plagues, which too often make a man without self-restraint miserable in the midst of abundance; it makes men supply by economy for the want of means, teaching them to be content with frugal living, and keeping them out of the reach of those vices which eat up not merely small incomes, but large fortunes, and dissipate many a goodly inheritance.

Justice Towards All

TO THE State the interests of all are equal whether high or low. The poor are members of the national community equally with the rich; they are real component parts, living parts, which make up, through the family, the living body; and it need hardly be said that they are by far the majority. It would be irrational to neglect one portion of the citizens and to favor another; and therefore the public administration must duly and solicitously provide for the welfare and the comfort of the working people, or else that law of justice will be violated which ordains that each shall have his due. To cite the wise words of St. Thomas of Aquin: "As the part and the whole are in a certain sense identical, the part may in some sense claim what belongs to the whole." Among the many and grave duties of rulers who would do their best for their people, the first and chief is to act with strict justice—with that justice which is called in the Schools *distributive*—towards each and every class.

First Law of Government

WE have said that the State must not absorb the individual or the family; both should be allowed free and untrammelled action as far as is consistent with the common good and the interests of others. Nevertheless, rulers should anxiously safeguard the community and all its parts; the community, because the conservation of the community is so emphatically the business of the supreme power, that the safety of the commonwealth is not only the first law, but is a Government's whole reason of existence; and the parts, because both philosophy and the Gospel agree in laying down that the object of the administration of the State should be not the advantage of the ruler, but the benefit of those over whom he rules. The gift of authority is from God, and is, as it were, a participation of the highest of all sovereignties; and it should be exercised as the power of God is exercised—with a fatherly solicitude which not only guides the whole but reaches to details as well.

The Workingman's Rights

WHEN work-people have recourse to a strike, it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work too hard, or because they consider their wages insufficient. The grave inconvenience of this not uncommon occurrence should be obviated by public remedial measures; for such paralysis of labor not only affects the masters and their work-people, but is extremely injurious to trade, and to the general interests of the public; moreover, on such occasions, violence and disorder are generally not far off, and thus it frequently happens that the public peace is threatened. The laws should be beforehand, and prevent these troubles from arising; they should lend their influence and authority to the removal in good time of the causes which lead to conflicts between masters and those whom they employ.

But if the owners of property must be made secure, the workman, too, has property and possessions in which he must be protected; and, first of all, there are his spiritual and mental interests. . . . No man may outrage with impunity that human dignity which God Himself treats with reverence, nor stand in the way of that higher life which is the preparation for the eternal life of Heaven. Nay, more; a man has here no power over himself. To consent to any treatment which is calculated to defeat the end and purpose of his being is beyond his right; he cannot give up his soul to servitude; for it is not man's own rights which are here in question, but the rights of God, most sacred and inviolable.

Hours of Labor

IF we turn now to things exterior and corporal, the first concern of all is to save the poor workers from the cruelty of grasping speculators, who use human beings as mere instruments for making money. It is neither justice nor humanity so to grind men down with excessive labor as to stupefy their minds and wear out their bodies. Man's powers, like his general nature, are limited, and beyond these limits he cannot go. His strength is developed and increased by use and exercise, but only on condition of due intermission and proper rest. Daily labor, therefore, must be so regulated that it may not be protracted during longer hours than strength admits.

How many and how long the intervals of rest should be, will depend upon the nature of the work, on circumstances of time and place, and on the health and strength of the workman. Those who labor in mines and quarries, and in work within the bowels of the earth, should have shorter hours in proportion, as their labor is more severe and more trying to health. Then, again, the season of the year must be taken in account; for not unfrequently a kind of labor is easy at one time which at another is intolerable or very difficult. Finally, work which is suitable for a strong man cannot reasonably be required from a woman or a child.

And, in regard to children, great care should be taken not to place them in workshops and factories until their bodies and minds are sufficiently mature. For just as rough weather destroys the buds of spring, so too early an experience of life's hard work blights the young promise of a child's powers, and makes any real education impossible. Women, again, are not suited to certain trades; for a woman is by nature fitted for home-work, and it is that which is best adapted at once to preserve her modesty, and to promote the good bringing up of children and the well-being of the family. As a general principle, it may be laid down, that a workman ought to have leisure and rest in proportion to the wear and tear of his strength; for the waste of strength must be repaired by the cessation of work.

A Just Wage

Let it be granted that, as a rule, workman and employer should make free agreements, and in particular should freely agree as to wages; nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, that the remuneration must be enough to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will give him no better, he is the victim of force and injustice. In these and similar questions, however—such as, for example, the hours of labor in different trades, the sanitary precautions to be observed in factories and workshops, etc.—in order to supercede undue interference on the part of the State, especially as circumstances, times, and localities differ so widely, it is advisable that recourse be had to Societies or Boards such as We shall mention presently, or to some other method of safeguarding the interests of wage-earners; the State to be asked for approval and protection.

Workingmen's Association

In the first place—employers and workmen may themselves effect much in the matter of which We treat, by means of those institutions and organizations which afford opportune assistance to those in need, and which draw the two orders more closely together. Among these may be enumerated: societies for mutual help; various foundations established by private persons for providing for the workman, and for his widow or his orphans, in sudden calamity, in sickness, and in the event of death; and what are called "patronages," or institutions for the care of boys and girls, for young people, and also for those of more mature age.

The most important of all are Workmen's Associations; for these virtually include all the rest. History attests what excellent results were affected by the Artificer's Guilds of a former day. They were the means not only of many advantages to the workmen, but in no small degree of the advancement of art, as numerous monuments remain to prove. Such associations should be adapted to the requirements of the age in which we live—an age of greater instruction, of different customs, and of more numerous requirements in daily life. It is gratifying to know that there are actually in existence now a few societies of this nature, consisting either of workmen alone, or of workmen and employers together; but it were greatly to be desired that they should multiply and become more effective.

There are times, no doubt, when it is right that the law should interfere to prevent association; as when men join together for purposes which are evidently bad, unjust, or dangerous to the State. In such cases the public authority may justly forbid the formation of association, and may dissolve them when they already exist. But every precaution should be taken not to violate the rights of individuals, and not to make unreasonable regulations under the pretense of public benefit. For laws only bind when they are in accordance with right reason and therefore with the eternal law of God.

Honesty and Justice

At this moment the condition of the working population is the question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably decided. But it will be easy for Christian working men to decide it aright if they form Associations choose wise guides, and follow the same path which with so much advantage to themselves and the commonwealth was trod by their fathers before them. Prejudice, it is true, is mighty, and so is the love of money; but if the sense of what is just and right be not destroyed by depravity of heart, their fellow-citizens are sure to be won over to a kindly feeling towards men whom they see to be so industrious and so modest, who so unmistakably prefer honesty to lucre, and the sacredness of duty at all other considerations.

The Place of Charity

Those Catholics are worthy of all praise—and there are not a few—who, understanding what the times require, have, by various enterprises and experiments, endeavored to better the conditions of the working people with any sacrifice of principle. They have taken up the cause of the working man, and have striven to make both families and individuals better off; to infuse the spirit of justice into the mutual relations of employers and employed; to keep before the eyes of both classes the precepts of duty and the laws of the Gospel—that Gospel which, by inculcating self-restraint, keeps men within the bounds of moderation, and tends to establish harmony among the divergent interests and various classes which compose the State. It is with such ends in view that We see men of eminence meeting together for discussion, for the promotion of united action, and for practical work. Others, again, strive to unite working people of various kinds into associations, help them with their advice and their means, and enable them to obtain honest and profitable work. The Bishops, on their part, bestow their ready good-will and support; and with their approval and guidance many members of the clergy, both secular and regular, labor assiduously on behalf of the spiritual and mental interests of the members of associations.

CATEGORICA: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

Edited by N. M. LAW

A LAYMAN'S SERMON

GEORGE L. DUVAL, a generous contributor to Catholic welfare during his life, left approximately $1,200,000 in legacies to thirty-five institutions in America and Chile. Excerpt from his will:

Lest my friends of other religious denominations should misconstrue the preference I have shown during my life, and now in this, my last will and testament, for Catholic charities, I desire to proclaim my reasons. All Catholics know how essential to good citizenship among our co-religionists is the preservation of their faith. Once that is lost, moral sense is blunted and those at least in the less favored stations of life are apt to become public charges. Moreover, a large majority of those who suffer from poverty and distress are in our fold, whereas on the other hand affluence is in inverse ratio compared with other denominations. My procedure, therefore, has not been inspired by any spirit of bigotry or indifference to the needs of humanity at large or lack of appreciation of the many worthy institutions of other denominations that are providing relief and comfort.

A ROVING ALLEY-CAT

FROM the *Star-Bulletin* of Honolulu. The author is Mary Cockburn Bomke:

I'm an alley cat—
A lean cat and lone.
A bad cat: a ragged cat and sad.
I'm a lanky cat, scrawny, tailless cat,
A bobbed cat—a Tom.
A hungry, fighting cat and mad,
The minstrel of the night—
The still night: the dark night and light,
I'm no one's petting party.
Not for me the cosy fireside or the hearth—
I'm no lap or cushion cat.
But a night hawk bold and free
A wild cat—and glad!
A half fed cat and starved,
No ribbon 'round my neck,
No saucer filled with "muck,"
I'm just living on my luck.
I'm a bold bad cat with fleas,
The kind dogs like to tease.
I'm a target for your missles and your jests—
I've been sworn at and thrown at,
I'm lame and have but half an ear
But my voice is strong and clear
As I sing my song of cheer
On the back fence,
In the alley at the rear.

PAMPHLETEERS OR MISSIONARIES

THE London *Tablet* carries this story of a mission given this year by two Italian Passionists:

The village of Albanova was long famous, or infamous, by reason of the "Black Hand Terror" which had been kept going there by a criminal gang. Some Passionist Fathers went to Albanova and gave a mission. On the last night, it was observed that among those who had been impressed and helped by the sermons there were many men who had formerly belonged to the Black Hand organization. The preacher seized his opportunity. His sermon dealt with the necessity of washing out the bad past, of putting aside old feuds and hatreds, and of becoming completely reconciled with God. To clinch his appeal, the orator invited all whom his words might concern to come to him afterwards and to give up the firearms and other weapons which they had been concealing. Only by parting decisively with these weapons, he said, could they deliver themselves from the risk of yielding to some future temptation and of again joining the forces of lawlessness and sin. Of course, he pledged his priestly word that nobody who gave up weapons would be denounced to the civil authorities. His earnest words were not in vain. Within two days, the Passionist Fathers conducting the mission found themselves possessed of quite an armory. Rifles, revolvers, daggers and knives were there, as well as a large quantity of cartridges. Altogether the haul filled several packing cases. As far as possible they will be melted down—we do not mean the cartridges—and their metal will be shaped into a Cross to be set up in the village as a memorial of the mission. Just before the Fathers departed from Albanova, they received a furtive visit from a penitent desperado who brought them two big bombs weighing nearly five pound each, which had been carefully done up in rubber sheeting lest they should explode. In contrast with this edifying story, we heard last week of a Protestant pamphlet now circulating in Italy which assures simple villagers that the Papacy was the creation of an Eastern Emperor in the thirteenth century (!) and that the Pope's Church has altered the Ten Commandments. Truly Christian men will not take long to decide which they prefer —the Protestant pamphleteers or the Passionist Missioners.

AN ATHEIST EXHIBITION

HOW far the personal hatred of God is carrying some atheists may be seen from this cable from Berlin to the New York *Times:*

The police raided and padlocked an atheistic exhibition here late last night, ending the display of a large collection of anti-religious paintings and propaganda assembled by the International League of Atheists. The exhibition had been running for some months. The police action followed a long series of protests from church groups.

The League of Atheists, which is believed to have its headquarters in Moscow, was particularly proud of two maps, one showing churches in Berlin and the other calling attention to the "happier" conditions in Russia and detailing the number of churches which have been closed there. A bust of Lenin looked upon the two maps.

On a black cross hung a collection box inscribed, "Down with the encyclical—you help, too." A nearby placard bore the "Song of the Godless."

"Out, proletarians, out of the house of God. Away with the opium factory. Kick out the priests."

One of the pictures showed a church dignitary seated on an ecclesiastical throne spitting out cannon, rifles, bombs and grenades on a crowd beneath him. The picture was entitled, "Outpourings of the Holy Ghost." A painting of the crucified Christ wearing a gas mask was removed some time ago on the grounds of blasphemy.

The League's program aims at unification of the atheists

throughout the world, and the organization attacks every branch of religion. Special propaganda among the poor, urging them to leave the church and save their money, is most vigorously pursued.

FOR THE FUN OF IT

VIA the Cleric's Scrap Book of *The Churchman* come these bits of sense and nonsense:

Small Boy: "Why don't you come to my church?" Other Small Boy: "'Cause I belong to another abomination!"

"Well, the depression can't last forever." Business Man: "No, neither can I."—*Pathfinder.*

Before little Stanley went to the party with his sister Helen, the usual instructions which precede a children's party were given by mother. However, the youngster seems to have fallen short of expectations, for when the two returned home, Helen reported, "It was awful, mother, Stanley did all the don'ts."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Ecclesiastical intelligence from the rising town of Gresham:

The Rev. A. L. Aldrich, evangelist, announced today that he will preach from 11 A.M. to 10 P.M. at the Methodist Episcopal Church here Sunday. In the eleven hours he expects to deliver twenty-one sermons. His discourse will be interrupted only by an occasional song, during which he will eat a sandwich.—*The American Mercury.*

Now, Shakum the preacher did walk upon a canal bank, and as he walked he came upon an ancient man, who was leaping upon his hat, and beating the water with his rod as though it were the drawing-room carpet, and in terrible language consigning the fishes to blazes for not biting. And as Shakum the preacher saw the old gentleman doing this on and off for many days, he inquired of another what was amiss with the ancient friend. And the other said: "'E believes in blaming the fishes instead of freshening up his bait."—*The Christian World.*

"Papa, what is a traitor in politics?" "A traitor is a man who leaves our party and goes over to the other one." "Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours?" "A convert, my boy!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Possible Employer: "But you're asking for a rather high wage, seeing that you know nothing about the work."

Applicant: "But, you see, not knowin' the work makes it so much harder for me."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"Times certainly have changed," sighed Smith.

"How so?" asked Robinson.

"Why, at a little family party last night, the women talked politics while the men got off in a corner and exchanged recipes.—*New York Times.*

D. J. DAZE SETS THE PACE

DURING the past year ten tons of Catholic literature was distributed by the Knights of Columbus Catholic Literature Distribution Bureau, under the direction of David J. Daze and his assistant, Dan Huntington. Says *The Tidings* of Los Angeles:

Mr. Daze began this work in 1912 and, with the exception of an interruption during the war period, he has zealously carried it on in increasing volume to the present day.

Following is a list of places to which literature was sent during 1930:

To *Place*	*Lbs.*
Rev. P. J. Cronin, Chaplain, Folsom Prison	2,355
Rev. Wm. Fleming, Chaplain, San Quentin	2,340
O. H. Close, President, Preston School of Industry	1,765
Miss Ella Keppel, R. N., Catholic Welfare Assn., Honolulu	1,270
Albertum Orphanage and Missions, Ukiah, California	1,140
Arizona State Prison, Arizona	1,060
Poor Clares Sisters, Hospitals and Prisons, Belfast, Ireland	1,060
Sherman Indian School, Arlington, California	900
Yuma Indian School, California	725
Yuma Indian School, Arizona	570
St. Mary's Orphanage, San Jose Mission	545
Father Justin, Banning Indian School	535
Sisters of the Precious Blood, Mission and Orphanage	540
Rev. A. Braund, Pala Indian School	435
County Farm and Hospital, Olive Grove Sanitarium and others, California	1,270
St. Vincent's Orphanage, San Rafael	1,065
To other different homes on request	560

Besides the above, a great many parcels were delivered and not recorded, making about ten tons of literature distributed in 1930.

In the report of the Bureau to Bishop Cantwell gratitude was expressed to the thousands who have contributed the literature and to the many priests who have encouraged the work by frequently calling attention to it from the pulpit.

Appreciation was also expressed for the financial assistance received from Cabrillo Assembly of the Fourth Degree and Los Angeles Council and other sources which have made the work of the bureau possible.

A. B. C. ALLITERATION

THIS picture of "Entente in Jungleland" was contributed to *John o' London's Weekly* by A. Court.

Amorous apes and armadilloes, alligators all allied,
Beheld bold blushing bandicoots bewitch Behemoth's bride;
Courting chipmunks clasp chinchillas, cheetahs cuddle chimpanzees,
Drab dare-devil dromedaries doting dinosaurs displease:
Elks espouse erratic emus, elands elephants embrace,
Flying-foxes fondle fennecs, flirting fawns fat ferrets face:
Giggling gnus gnaw gaunt gorillas, gopher's grins greet grizzly's growl,
Happy hamsters hug hyenas, honeymooning hedgehogs howl:
Idle impudent iguanas itching ichneumons invoke,
Jackals jilting jaded jaguars, jeering jeboas justly joke:
Kinkajous keep kissing koodoos, kangaroos keen kahaus kick,
Lovely laughing lady lemurs leopards languishly lick:
Merry mastodons mate monkeys, mammoths marry moonstruck moose,
Nimble napus needing nuptials nuzzling nilghaus neatly noose:
Old opossums ogling ocelots, orants osculating ounce,
Panthers pet pert pterodactyls, puma prudes protesting pounce:
Queenly quaint quisotic quagga queasy queasal quickly quells,
Reindeer run romantic rhebus, rival racoons race ratels:
Sentimental salamanders serenade sweet spinster snails:
Tirelessly the tearful tapirs tweak the tigers' tender tails:
Ugly unattractive urocks unicorns unite urbane,
Vervets vent vituperation viewing viduous vampires vain:
Wolves were wedding winsome wombats, wooing wapiti were wrecks:
Xiphoids, xenurines, xiphura, xemes, xenogamus xebecs:
Youthful yearning yapocks yodel, yelling yaks yank yielding youze,
Zounds! zetetic zealous zibets, zestful zebras, zopes, zebus.

TO A POPULAR AUTHOR

FROM Beverley Hills, California, Florence Ryerson sends these pertinent verses to *The Saturday Review of Literature:*

Listen, lady, if you must
Pack your tale so full of lust,
Full of sex, and girls betrayed,
So that ninety in the shade
Is its lowest temperature,
Could you not within your pages
Give us just one girl that's poor?
One girl who her thirst assuages
Not with champagne but with pure
Sparkling water, and who stages
Parties lacking in allure?
Briefly, in your coming tome
Couldn't just one girl walk home?

"THE POPE EMERGES"

WE hardly expected to find this on the editorial page of *The Christian Herald,* whose patron saint until quite recently was Bishop James Cannon:

When, on February 12, Pope Pius XI took his seat in a cardinal and gold chair in the miniature broadcasting room of station HVJ (Holiness-Vatican-Jesus) in the Vatican City, a new epoch of ecclesiastical history was begun. For, with that ceremony, the Pope officially brought to an end the long period of papal imprisonment, and entered, again and more actively, into the temporal world. Broadcast over 150 stations in the United States and through a world-wide hook-up to a territory containing 660,000,000 people, the Pope's message of good-will and peace symbolized the fact that Roman Catholicism, under Pius XI, is very much on the march. That the Roman Church, in the period just ahead, has laid its campaign for an unprecedented world advance is apparent. What effect that campaign will have on the history of this period, it is difficult to forecast.

There are many Protestants—and some *Christian Herald* readers among them—who look upon the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church with a suspicion akin to hatred. Let a kindly—even a tolerant—word be spoken about either in these pages, and the editor, forthwith, is called vigorously to task. In fact, those who disapprove very frequently reveal a spirit as intolerant as that which they so eloquently describe as characteristic of Rome. We've never been able to see that intolerance was any more Christian a quality in a Protestant than in a Catholic.

Three facts lie at the basis of the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, conviction, loyalty, zeal.

We may not like the ecclesiastical organization of Rome, but we well may envy the certainty of the convictions of those who are a part of it. Protestantism prides itself on its liberalism. And liberalism, interpreted, generally means to be uncertain as to what one believes today and absolutely sure one will believe something else to-morrow. Not so the Catholics. Similarly, out of this conviction comes a loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church. Most remarkable fact about this loyalty is its democracy. Commoners and kings stand alike in the presence of the Church, without class distinctions. Go into any Roman Catholic service and, immediately, one is impressed, first by the size of the crowd and second by its heterogeneity. Finally, coupled with the conviction and loyalty there is an unmistakable zeal. Not all Catholics are good Catholics. But the Church, as a whole, is, next to the Communist Party, the most aggressive organization in the modern world, and that aggression is a product of the enthusiasm of its members—lay and cleric.

So, like it or not, this re-emergence of the Papacy is a fact of first importance.

THEY SAY

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings." And also before the Federal Trade Commission.—*Florence* (Ala.) *Herald.*

The Iowa supreme court has declared that punctuation marks are no part of the English language. This will astound those sign painters who delight in sticking them into the wrong places.—*J. R. Wolf, Milwaukee Journal.*

If you wish to know the class of readers to which a magazine appeals, observe whether the advertisements are designed to catch idiots.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

You can fool some of the people all of the time and all the people some of the time, but the rest of the time they will make fools of themselves.—*Judge.*

"Is it wise," asks E. C. Lindeman, of the New York School of Social Work, "to teach a child to believe that democracy is great, and then to have him come home and find his own family ruled by an autocrat?"

Children used to be quick assets, but now they have become long-term liabilities.—*John A. Holmes.*

A colleague reports that he has an aunt, three cousins and a mother-in-law whom he is going to send to the new Yale School of Human Relations to see if something can't be done for them.—*Boston Transcript.*

If you see the world beating a well-worn track to anybody's door way back in the woods these days, it's a cinch it isn't mouse traps the fellow is making better than anybody else.—*Leesburg Commercial.*

There are archdukes and grand dukes all over Europe now, but the shooting of one of them would never start another war.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

It might be remarked in passing that the world is bossed by men who couldn't work a ninth-grade algebra problem.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

We do not know whether the secret of longevity is hidden somewhere in the item which said a woman in Roumania died at the age of 126 years, "after she had called in a doctor for the first time in her life."—*Boston Herald.*

Prohibition may not have made it much harder to get a drink, some places; but it has made it much harder to drink it.—*Tampa Times.*

To some of the shoe repair men who recently met here in convention it seemed as if Chicago's political conscience needed to be souled and healed.—*Chicago Daily News.*

It is so quiet in Wall Street these days you could hear a pin drop. And, of course, it would drop.—*Judge.*

A doctor says he often wonders how much sleep the average man really wants. Just another five minutes!—*Passing Show.*

American movie theatres are now being established in darkest Africa. We can remember way back when the big idea was to civilize the darkest Africans.—*New York Evening Post.*

We never really understood why Niagara was so popular with bridal couples until we read in an information column that it signifies in Iroquois "Place of the neck."—*Boston Herald.*

Early Christian Mystic Signs

Text and Drawings by

E. VINCENT WAREING

LIKE to ourselves in some degree, Christians of the early ages of the Faith were surrounded by those who acted as if it were a laudable thing to persecute the Church. Then, as now, her doctrines and practices were subjected to deliberate as well as unconscious misrepresentation. It was said, for instance, that the early Christians sacrificed little children in order that they might partake of their innocent victims' flesh and blood—an obvious and horrible travesty of our most cherished belief.

Sometimes in those days there were false brethren: men who pretended to wish to become Christians, but, actuated by evil intentions, sought to gain knowledge with which they could endanger the life of the Church. Therefore, with the hope of protecting her teaching from betrayal, the sacred "mysteries" were not fully revealed to candidates for Baptism until the priests were reasonably convinced of the neophyte's sincerity.

Few readers will need reminding of the Discipline of the Secret. This custom which permitted the presence of catechumens during the first part of Mass only, and reserved for the Faithful, or fully initiated, the privilege of assisting at the intrinsic portion, prevailed for about five centuries. But not only the Holy Sacrifice, the sacraments also had to be protected from profanation. Hence it was commonly found expedient to have recourse to allegorical terms and the use of mystic signs.

In those days it was necessary to act quite definitely upon the Divine injunction: "Give not that which is holy to dogs. Neither cast ye your pearls before swine: lest perhaps they trample them under their feet: and turning upon you, they tear you." (*Matt.* 6, 6).

The moral state of society in Pagan Rome was so positively appalling that those who know of the conditions recorded by classical authors—conditions referred to by St. Paul only in the veiled language which Christian modesty demanded — not unreasonably regard the very survival of Christianity as a fact meriting the term miraculous.

It was because of the unspeakable conditions of pagan life, and the strong probability that holy things would be desecrated, that the Cross, and still more the Crucifix—now inseparable from Catholic life—was not used publicly until after the Church gained freedom under Emperor Constantine.

Unquestionably the most ancient of our symbols is the Sign of the Cross. But let us hasten to add that we refer to the ***manual act*** rather than to any material representation. This was ***the*** external sign by which the early Christians proclaimed their faith and tested newcomers among them. It was "the password and sign of recognition." In the days of the Apostles the Sign of the Cross was made much less conspicuously than it is now: it was simply traced on the forehead, probably with the back of the thumb, the hand being closed.

Interrogated by a bishop as to his belief in our Divine Lord a catechumen would give a verbal affirmation and would at the same time "sign himself with the Cross."

THERE is no need to refer to the essential significance of the Sign of the Cross, but, perhaps, some of our readers will welcome as a reminder of the secondary meaning of the symbol as now generally made: we touch our foreheads to show that we ***believe*** in Christ, our Lord and Redeemer; our hearts to declare our *love* for Him, and our shoulders to indicate that we will *labor* for His honor and glory. Perhaps we should all do well to advert to these thoughts when making the Sign by which we "dedicate our mind, heart and body

Maderna's Statue of St. Cecilia. Notice the Saint's Hands: The Thumb and First Two Fingers of the Right Hand, and the Index Finger of the Left Hand Are Extended. When She Could No Longer Speak, She Made This Sign of the Blessed Trinity.

Ιχθὺς – Ichthus : Fish

Fig. 1

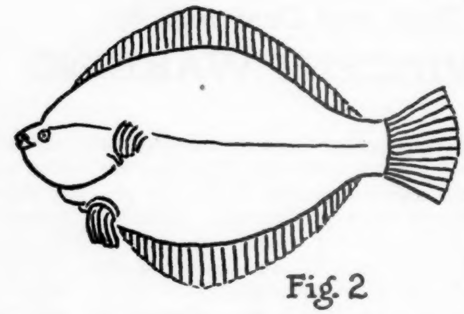

Fig. 2

Ἰησοῦς	Jesus
Χριστος	Christ
Θεοῦ	Son of
Ὑιὸς	God
Σωτήρ	Saviour

Figure 1. The Origin and Significance of the Vesica-Shaped Medal. Figure 2. The Fish (Ichthus) Representing "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour."

to God's service," for the act would then be done with greater reverence and would become what it is intended to be: a perfect little prayer.

LONG before the representation of the Crucifixion took either an inscribed or tangible form, monumental evidence in the Roman catacombs proves that the sacred sign most frequently used by the early Christians was the *Ichthus* or Fish. An outstanding example of this device, dating as far back as the year A. D. 110, may be seen chiselled on one of the marble slabs in the catacombs of Saint Callistus. Archaeological writers have written learnedly and voluminously about the origin and significance of this symbol, but their discussions need not detain us longer than to see the possibility of the *Ichthus* having been suggested by the sacramental repast of the seven disciples on the shore of the sea of Gallilee after the Resurrection.

Whatever its origin, the Fish during the Church's first three centuries was familiar to the Faithful as a conventional sign to represent our Divine Lord. Its use practically ceased when the Roman persecutions came to an end and the need of enigmatical expression was no longer necessary.

Every reader will be familiar with a vesica-shaped medal or seal like unto that shown in the drawing (Fig. 1). The shape of these medals, it will be observed, is derived from a flat fish, so that although the sign of the Fish is no longer in general use, we have that which resembles it, and this knowledge should give an additional reason for treating a sacred medal with due respect. Fig. 2 drawing shows that if the five letters of the Greek word for fish are used to form an acrostic we get the following sentence: *Jesous Christos Theou Uios Soter,* which translated into English is Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior.

Clearly, the foremost use of the Fish among the early Christians was that of a symbol to express their belief in the Divinity of Christ, and that, through Him, they hoped for salvation.

The sacred Fish had other significations. When inscribed alone it stood for the Holy Name. Some of the inscriptions in the Catacombs gave a Christian name, say, Alexander, followed by the Fish. The meaning of this, therefore, was that Alexander was with Christ. Our Lord was sometimes referred to as the Great Fish, and those who followed Him were little fishes. The words of an ancient writer evidence this: "We, little fishes after the image of our *Ichthus* are born in the water."

Here we have a double enigma, but to the early Christians the meaning was as clear as day: they well knew that "born in the water" was an allegorical reference to Baptism when they were born again into everlasting life. The little fish shown in Fig. 3 is a symbolical representation of a Christian about to receive Holy Communion.

THE discovery of the fresco represented by Fig. 4 was a joy to all Christian archaeologists. It appears on a tomb in the catacombs of St. Callistus, and it dates back to the early part of the second century. This sacred symbol makes it abundantly clear that although the term Transubstantiation was not invented till many centuries later the doctrine was definitely held by the early Christians. Look closely into the picture and you will observe that not only is the Fish bearing a basket of bread, but also, underneath, a glass containing a liquid. This rough sketch fails to do justice to the original fresco in which the liquid is colored *red,* and is obviously meant to represent a glass of wine. So here we have

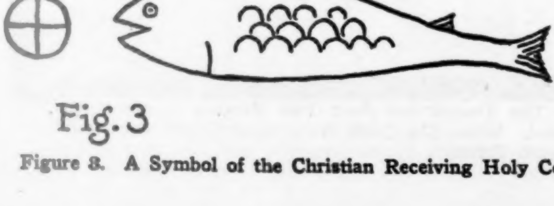

Fig. 3

Fig. 4

Figure 3. A Symbol of the Christian Receiving Holy Communion. Figure 4. The Fish Bearing the Eucharistic Elements.

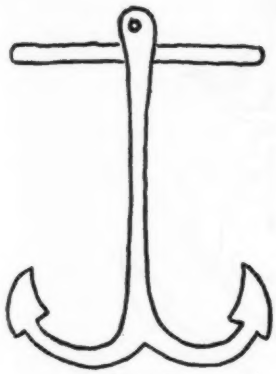

Fig. 5

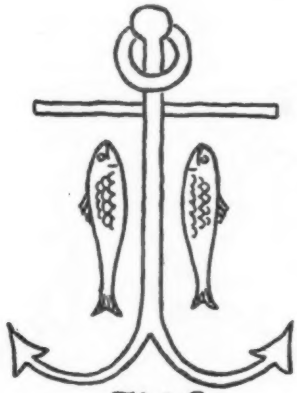

Fig. 6

Fig. 7

Figure 5. The Cross Represented by an Anchor. Figure 6. Anchor with Fish: a Sign of the Christian's Hope in the Cross. Figure 7. The So-Called Constantinian Monogram.

the symbol of Christ united with the Bread and Wine.

"THIS group," writes Prof. Orazio Marucchi in his *Evidence of the Catacombs,* "not only contains an allusion to the Eucharist, but it is a true and definite declaration of the Christian's belief in Christ's Real Presence therein, inasmuch as the material joining of the fish and the basket containing the Eucharistic Elements expresses very clearly the compenetration of the Sacred Species with Jesus Christ Himself."

He reminds us that the painting indicates the way the Holy Eucharist was conveyed out of doors during the first century, and he recalls a passage of St. Jerome addressed to Rusticus: "Nothing more rich than he who carries the Body of the Lord in an osier basket and His Blood in a glass."

In passing we may recall that not far from the spot where this fresco may be seen, the youthful Saint Tarcisius was first buried. He died, as Pope Damascus recorded, rather than surrender the Body of Christ to the pagan rabble who attacked him—another ancient testimony to the early Christians' belief in the Real Presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist.

Let it not be imagined that there was any difficulty in those days as to the right comprehension of these symbols. "It is quite certain," writes the authors of *Roma Sotterranea,* "that these figures, however unmeaning they might have been to strangers, were perfectly intelligible to contemporary Christians as the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt were to those who used them, or letters of the English alphabet to ourselves."

As a symbol of hope the anchor has been used from time immemorial. St. Paul in his Epistles, it will be remembered, often uses figures of speech which would, of course, be readily understood by those he was addressing. He makes reference to the anchor in his Epistles to the Hebrews (vi. 19) "as an anchor of the soul, sure and firm."

APART from its obvious significance as a sign of Christian hope in a happy life after death, the anchor was often employed during the ages of persecution to represent the Cross. It was not until Constantine abolished crucifixion, out of reverence for the Passion of our Lord, that the Cross was used as a symbol without some form of disguise. Fig. 5, copied from an ancient Roman inscription, shows how the elongated crossbar was introduced to emphasize the idea of the Cross.

In Fig. 6 the idea is developed by adding little fishes which appear to be suspended from the anchor. Remembering the significance of the

Fig. 8

Fig. 9

Fig. 10

Figure 8. Alpha and Omega Interlaced with Chi and Rho. Figure 9. A Sign for the Name and Cross of Christ. Figure. 10. The Sign for the Holy Name of Jesus.

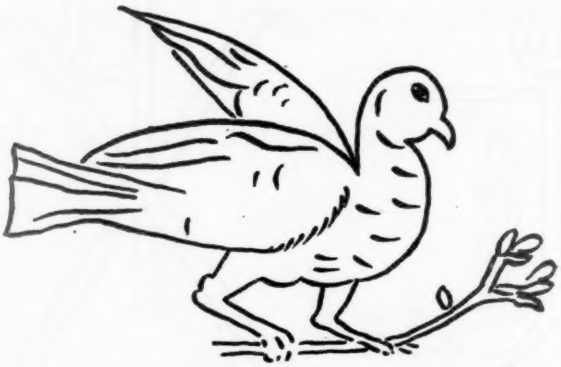

Fig 11

Fig. 12

Figure 11. The Dove and Olive Branch: A Symbol of Peace. The Dolphin and Anchor: A Sign of Redemption.

Ichthus described above we shall readily perceive that the anchor and fish together made a mystic sign which symbolized the Crucifixion and also Christian hopes of Redemption. Another device (Fig. 12) of similar significance was a dolphin curled round a trident. Of signs like this it has well been said that "instead of influencing the feelings they engage the thoughts." An example of the Fish and anchor may be seen incised on a marble slab in the Roman cemetery of St. Priscilla.

ANOTHER sign by which the Christians testified to their belief in our Lord's Divinity was the monogram made from the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet—alpha and omega. This symbol also testifies to the eternity of God. Needless to say, its origin is traceable to the words of the Apocalypse: "I am Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last, the Beginning and the End." These Greek letters were often carved on the memorial stones of the early Christians, more especially on those dating about the third and fourth centuries. Painters and carvers in bas-relief often placed the Alpha and Omega near the figure which represented the Redeemer after His Resurrection. A notable example is that on the magnificently carved door of St. Sabina on the Aventine. Quite frequently they are seen in the halo of the Agnus Dei, or Lamb of God, which beautiful symbol of the Divine Victim happily continues to find favor after many centuries of constant usage.

Another popular use of Greek letters was the intersecting of *X* (Chi) with *P* (Rho). These are the first two letters of what we may call our Lord's surname, as spelt in Greek. (See under Fig. 9.) Because this sign appeared on the labarum of Constantine the Great it is commonly spoken of as the Constantinian monogram, though this device was well known to the Christians of the fourth century before the Emperor had his vision of the Cross of Light. The *X* and *P* in those days was clearly understood to be the sign for the word Christ (Fig. 7).

In Fig. 8 we have a beautifully comprehensive device: the *X* and *P* are interlaced, and left and right is Alpha and Omega. Here then is another profession of faith in the Divinity and ever enduring existence of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Fig. 9 is a variant of the Constantinian monogram, the *X* being so written to stress the idea of the Cross.

The Holy Name, out of reverence, and to preserve it from impious use, was not commonly written fully, but was represented by the initial letter I (for *Iesus*). Sometimes this letter was placed horizontally across the centre of the letter *X*, as in Fig. 10. This device stood for Our Lord's full Name. It will be noticed that this arrangement of the letters produces a kind of star. Now, in the catacombs of St. Callistus there is an ancient fresco which is probably the earliest known representation of the Three Wise Men. The star, towards which they are looking for guidance, is not an ordinary conventional diagram, but is made up of letters *I* and *X*, as in Fig. 10. Everyone will readily perceive that the idea conveyed by this painting was that the Wise Men were looking to, and following, Christ our Lord. When persecution was raging and the early Christians could assemble to worship God only in the dark chapels of the catacombs, we can understand how such a picture would keep them in mind of the fact that Our Lord is the Light of the World.

PILGRIMS to the Catacombs will observe the form of a dove inscribed on the marble tablets. The sign of the dove had various significations. First of all, it represented the Holy Ghost. We read in St. Matthew's Gospel that when our Lord came out of the river Jordan, after being baptized, the heavens were opened, "and he saw the spirit of God descending, as a dove, and coming upon Him."

The dove to the early Christians also typified the human soul when released from the body. When accompanied with an olive branch—God's own symbol for peace—the message conveyed was that the soul was enjoying the bliss of heaven.

Time after time in the catacombs we see graven on the marble slabs a name, say, Cornelius, and underneath a dove with an olive branch, and sometimes is added the sacred Fish. In view of what has been written above, every reader will now readily perceive that, put into English words, such a tablet would read: Cornelius, his soul is in peace with Christ.

Exigencies of space preclude more than a mere mention of the peacock as the sign of immortality: the phoenix as the symbol of glory, and it is needless to dwell upon the palm as the emblem of victory. The lamb and the representations of the Good Shepherd are too well known to need

any comment. Pictures of Jonas and the whale, as typifying the Resurrection and the *Orante,* or female figure with her arms extended in the attitude of prayer—a symbol of a soul in bliss, interceding for friends on earth—scarcely come within scope of the present article. In general, the mystic signs of the catacombs, taken together with the mural inscriptions, may be said to express confident hope of a happy eternity; and it is this positive characteristic of the early Christian places of sepulchre which proclaimed the great difference between them and those of the Pagans.

While on the subject of symbolical letters, however, it may be desirable to clear up erroneous notions concerning the letters I H S. (They should be written without punctuation marks.) Occasionally we hear a crude interpretation: "I have suffered." Much good may be done if this sacred sign does make us mindful of the Passion, but that is not its real significance. Another interpretation, and certainly a happier one, is *Iesus Hominum Salvator* — Jesus, Savior of men. But as the letters are neither English nor Latin, but Greek, this meaning cannot be the right one. Actually the letters are the first three of the Greek form of our Savior's Name (see Fig. 10): the symbol I H S, therefore, stands for the word Jesus. This sign was popularized by St. Bernardine of Siena about the year 1444. Later on St. Ignatius of Loyola adopted it, adding a cross above the bar of the letter H; in this form it appears on the seal of the Society of Jesus. "For there is no other name under Heaven given to men whereby we must be saved." (*Acts,* 4, 12.)

APART from the Living Voice of the Church, and quite apart from the Written Word, the monumentary evidence of early Christian Rome proves conclusively that in certain essentials the teaching of the Church of today is in perfect harmony with Her teaching during the very dawn of Christianity. We have already seen that the Sign of the Cross was preeminently the sign and password by which men recognized those who were of the Faith. Though little is known of other manual acts, that there were such seems beyond doubt: Maderna's statue of St. Cecilia gives us irrefutable evidence.

A maiden of noble birth, St. Cecilia suffered martyrdom during the reign of Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Directly after death her chaste body was enclosed in the catacombs; at a later date it was translated to a tomb beneath the high altar of the church built over her house. Nearly eight centuries later, in 1599, Cardinal Sfondrato caused the sarcophagus to be opened. Inside was found a cypress-wood coffin. When the lid was withdrawn the body of the glorious saint was seen, incorrupt and beautiful, lying just as she died. All Rome went to see this manifestation of the power of God, and before the body was re-entombed, Maderna modelled from it the world-famous statue. He reproduced in marble the form of that sweet body just as he saw it. Look closely at one of the replicas of this statue the next time you have an opportunity. And remember, after the executioner had dealt the final blow the law allowed, and failed to end her life, the saint was left for three days, lying on the floor, slowly bleeding to death.

When she could no longer speak, by a manual act she continued to affirm her undying faith. She extended the thumb and first two fingers of her right hand and the index finger of the left. This was the sign which typified the doctrine of Three Persons in One God.

THUS proclaiming her belief in the Blessed Trinity did the soul of Saint Cecilia pass to the joys of Heaven. May she there continue to intercede for us till the Great Sign, "the sign of the Son of Man," appearing in the sky, shall proclaim the Day of Judgment. Then shall all types and shadows flee away, and the Faithful shall be rewarded by the blissful sight of their glorified Redeemer. "And they shall see His Face, and His Name shall be written on their foreheads."

Part of the Design

By ENID DINNIS

WE were getting towards the end of that very agreeable and genial interval between supper and bed when someone invited Father Clyde to give us a yarn. We had been discussing Einstein and his theories, and some of us had headaches; and then necromancy, and some of us had the creeps. There was a feeling that old Father Clyde would gently tone us off to the bedtime mood. He accepted readily, as he always did.

"You have been putting me in mind of something that happened many years ago," he said.

"Necromancy or Einstein?" an irreverent youngster asked in a discreet undertone—so discreet that it was passed over by the white-haired priest who now set about telling his story:

SOME twenty years ago, when I was newly come to my present charge, a visitor called to see me one evening. He was a good-looking man of an intellectual type, with a touch of the country squire about him. A great many people were coming to me for instruction about that time and I rather inferred that this might be his business when he told me that he was not a Catholic, but he disclaimed the idea rather hastily. He said—much the usual thing—that he was in sympathy with the Church but that he felt no personal call to belong to it. Then he went on:

"You will be thinking me an extremely sentimental person, I'm afraid, sir, before I have done explaining myself, but I am anxious to ask you a question. Can anyone who does not belong to your communion have a Mass said for a certain intention."

"That depends entirely on the intention," I told him.

"Well," he said, "I don't know what you will think of the intention. You may call it merely sentimental, and you may call it unorthodox. The fact is I want a Mass said for someone who died about four hundred years ago—an historical personage."

"Why not?" I answered. "So long as it *is* an historical personage. I had a lady here the other day who is a great admirer of Thackary, and she asked me to say a Mass for 'that dear Colonel Newcome's soul'."

He smiled rather impatiently.

"Mine is a real person," he said. "Did you ever hear of Septimus Dale,

who was an Elizabethan astrologer?"

"I've read something about him in the Encyclopedias," I replied. "He was a mathematician (was he not?) who dabbled in alchemy and got himself a wizard's reputation through using a divining-rod, or something of the kind?"

"He did rather more than that," my visitor replied dryly. "He was a very learned man, an astronomer, and all the rest of it, but he degenerated into spiritism in the latter part of his life. He was, perhaps you may not know, an apostate priest, ordained in the reign of Queen Mary, not an Elizabethan parson."

That startled me into a new interest in Septimus Dale. "I did not know that," I said. "It sounds pretty horrible."

"It is pretty horrible," was the reply. "It will surprise you to hear me say this, as a non-Catholic, but to me there is something really horrible in the thought of a priest uttering degrading incantations and handling the implements of the necromancer with anointed hands."

I agreed. I was also beginning to feel an increased interest in my visitor. He was on the right road.

"I suppose he died unrepentant?" I asked. It was an awful thought.

"That's the point," he answered. "I have always felt beholden to Dale as a scientific pioneer. He has always interested me; but the other day I gained possession of an old manuscript volume written by one of his intimates. It contains an account of his doings, and of some of the 'arts' that he dabbled in. If they were not black, they were at least a very dark grey! There were some loose papers in the book with biographical jottings on them, some by Dale himself. He appears to have lived his last days in complete isolation with one companion, his 'skryer' or medium, as we should say in those days, who seems to have looked after his body and destroyed his soul—or perhaps it was Dale who destroyed the other's soul? But the point is this: those papers are *human*. They are not 'National Biography.' They show a man who fell more or less from force of circumstances. He had psychic gifts, and an immense curiosity and love of knowledge. The world neither realizes the heights he rose to nor the depths into which he sank. I, personally, appreciate what Science owes to him and, to cut a long story short, I have a feeling that I would like to acknowledge my debt by having a Mass said for his soul."

"I will do so readily," I said.

Then he looked at me and asked, very directly:

"But will it do any good? I mean, can it save him from perdition?"

"The Church places no soul in perdition, I made discreet response; we may hope for God's mercy for every living man."

He caught me up: "Yes, every living man," he said, "but this poor derelict has been dead nearly four hundred years. I want a Mass that will save his soul from hell, not mitigate the pains of his purgatory, but God's mercy appears to have a time limit. It appears that I am four hundred years too late?"

I stood amazed at the intensity of the feeling with which he spoke. I reminded him of the saying: "'Twixt the saddle and the ground, mercy sought and mercy found," but it was not his point.

"You will not be able to understand my feeling like this," he said, somewhat apologetically, "but although that script describing the magic was pretty ghastly, all the time one seems to feel sorry for the man. He had his points. For instance, I came across an entry in his own jottings: 'This morning I found a sparrow that had hurt its wing. Carried it home. It may yet fly again.' But, there, he broke off, you will say that I am a hopeless sentimentalist."

"Not at all," I said. "I feel that I am getting to know Septimus Dale, too."

My visitor seemed encouraged by my words. He took heart. There was another entry, later on, he said: "'The sparrow hath recovered from his hurt, he flew away this morning'."

"Look here," I said, "I am going to say that Mass for Septimus Dale, and if you can wait a week I can say it at Morebridge, the place near London where he lived and died. There is a Catholic church there, built almost on the traditional site of Dale's house, and I am going there to spend a few days with friends next week. Now it is I who am being sentimental, but I think it's rather a nice idea, don't you?"

He agreed heartily to the arrangement so we fixed it up: that the Holy Sacrifice should be offered up for Septimus Dale, Apostate, conjurer of evil spirits, "companion of hell-hounds," as the old books put it:—that God might have mercy on his soul.

He brought the old MS round to show me, a well-bound volume filled with the dark doings of Septimus Dale, written in a neat script. Scattered among its pages were the loose sheets containing the jottings of Dale himself and of others, his fellow-wizards. John White, that was my friend's name, had been through them all. From these loose pages had stepped out the man who had sent his S. O. S., as it were, to an unborn age.

"It was a fine mind," John White commented, as we turned the pages over together. "I should like to think that I had been able to give him a lift out of the devil's clutches. I am sorry your Church cannot afford me this consolation."

What was one to do with a man like that? It troubled me, for he seemed to be challenging the efficacy of the Holy Sacrifice.

"I suppose," he ended, "God puts a time limit to His mercy? I am four centuries behind time."

I don't know what made me answer as I did, but I retorted: "You may be behind time, but remember, God is above it."

I hoped he would not ask me to explain myself for I did not know myself what had made me say it.

Well, I went on the following Monday to Morebridge, a Thames-side suburb of London, and arranged with the rector of the Catholic Church to say my Mass there—the special one—on the last day of my visit as this would give me time to let Mr. White know the date and assist in spirit at the rite for which he had such a strange reverence.

Things fell out strangely. It seemed as though the devil was resenting this interference with one on whom he had established a claim. On the last night of my stay my friends motored me out to visit a family down in Sussex, and when we got there our host persuaded us to stay the night. It was not until I was about to go to bed that I suddenly remembered that I was to say Septimus Dale's Mass next morning at seven-thirty. I explained the situation and we met the difficulty by my host offering to lend me a motor-bike so that I could start off early and get back to Morebridge in time for my Mass.

I had not had much experience of motor-bikes in those days, and before I was half way on my journey the devil had another bid for frustrating

my purpose. The machine broke down, leaving me stranded in an unfrequented Surrey lane. It was by the merest chance, as the pagans say, that a good Samaritan with some technical knowledge of motor-bikes came by and set me to rights. I remounted my unaccustomed steed and by dint of going at a perilously accelerated pace reached my destination just in time.

MOREBRIDGE is a shabby patch of Thames-side London fringing a more well-to-do district. In Septimus Dale's time it was a pleasant village surrounded by fields, with the sweet smell of hay everywhere, and the sound of singing birds. Today, as one says Mass in the church which stands on the spot which, according to tradition, was Dale's garden, the noise of modern traffic beats on the ear. I found it very trying the first time I said Mass there for the frequent trains shrieked past on the railway, and heavy trucks were passing on the road all the time.

When I started to say my Mass on this particular morning it must be remembered that I had been riding at a great pace, and my lungs were filled with the fresh country air. My head felt a bit dazed—not unlike it did just now when you were discussing Einstein. All that may well account for the strange feeling that came over me as I proceeded with my Mass.

Of course my attention was concentrated on what I was doing; and behind that was naturally a thought of the intention, the apostate priest who had so sacrilegiously misused the hands which had once done what I was doing now. His bones lay somewhere nearby, in the old parish churchyard. I thought of the awful dereliction of the man who had been lured into this unclean and degrading superstition along the paths of legitimate speculation from the very altar-step itself. By the time I had got into the great central Act there was a curious numbness in my head. The buzzing in my ears had ceased and silence was creeping over the place, a silence like that of the two-minutes Remembrance on Armistice Day. I never experience the latter without being reminded of that Mass at Morebridge. I heard no trains during that moment of hush. It was just as Morebridge might have been in the days of its rural peace. It seemed to culminate as I raised the Sacred Host.

But, it was, after all, but a fleeting impression—a far less than two minutes silence. I felt it once again—strongly—as I breathed the memento for the dead, another swiftly passing impression. I noted that the very clock on the wall had ceased to tick!

Yet it was not entirely gone. As I passed out of church at the conclusion of the Mass the sight of the dull brick houses opposite gave me a kind of shock. I had expected to see trees and fields, and, maybe, the red gables of the ancient, sinister house which an unimaginative builder had demolished years before. Riding a motorcycle at top speed had certainly played tricks with my head!

That afternoon I returned to my parish in the west of England, and in the evening my friend John White came to see me.

He came in carrying in his hand the old book which held the secrets of Septimus Dale. It had a new interest for me after my excursion to Morebridge. Septimus Dale had become very real indeed since my imagination had visioned the place of his abode; the streak of slum on the bank of the Thames was for me the quiet village of which few vestiges remained.

I COULD see that he had something to tell me. He did not wait but was out with it at once.

"During your absence," he said, "I have made a most extraordinary discovery. Had I made it a day or two sooner I should not have troubled you to say that Mass. I have discovered that Septimus Dale repented and was reconciled to the Church on his deathbed."

"God be thanked!" I said. "But I thought that it was proved that he died alone with his 'seer,' working on his unholy traffic up till the end?"

"So did everybody. But last night I came across a loose sheet in this book which by some most amazing chance I had overlooked. I can't imagine how, for I have been through the papers dozens and dozens of times. It contains a 'deposition' signed by Dale's serving-man and fellow-wizard, Saul Thickpenny, and witnessed by another. Here it is." He took a paper out of the book. "I will read it to you," he said. And this is what he read:

" 'On the morning of the day of Doctor Septimus Dale's death he lay alone in his house with me, Saul Thickpenny, for none other would come near to him, fearing for his spells. On a sudden he opened his eyes from the stupor in which he had been lying, and cried out that there was a priest on his way to minister to his soul. "I see him coming," quoth he. What have I to do with a priest? and he fell into a mighty anguish of soul. I told him that no priest would be likely to approach him. There was not a living soul that would be putting up a prayer for the necromancer. The Catholics and Protestants alike went round the long way to avoid passing his door. But he cried with the more fear. "See, he cometh swiftly, more swiftly than a man may ride a swift horse." After that he lay still with his eyes closed and I thought that he had fallen asleep, but he opened them again and there was anguish in them. "He hath stopped," he said. "He comes no longer to me." And the fear that had been in his eyes seemed indeed to leave them, but withal the anguish grew greater. It was as though two fought a battle within him.

" 'Then, suddenly, he cried out: "Nay, he is moving on. He comes more swiftly than before. More swiftly than ever a man might come on the fleetest horse. What have I to do with the priests of God?" Yet a while later, he turned to me and whispered, "He is going to pass the door. Go thou and see if he be coming."

" 'And I durst not refuse him, although I knew that he had seen a true thing with his inner sight and I had no mind to go forth and meet a priest, the enemy of our mighty undertakings.

" 'So I went to the door, and I looked out on to the road and I saw a man coming along, slowly, and I recognized him for a recusant priest that was sometimes hiding in the neighborhood plying his trade. He came up to me and asked, "How goes it with Septimus Dale?" for it was well known that he was sick.

" 'And I made reply: "He is dying, and he hath told me that a priest was on his way to him. He saw him coming from a great distance and very swiftly." I said this that the priest might know that my master had indeed the power of second sight for there were some that doubted it. Therewith he fell to thinking.

" 'I have but come from a house in the neighborhood, let me not say where,' quoth he; and soothly I have not moved swiftly since they stretched me on the rack five years ago, but if Septimus Dale is dying and dreams

that he sees a priest coming his way, beyond doubt Providence hath made a good use of his vision for once in a way.'

" 'And with that he pushed past me into the house and into the room where my master lay with his crystals and mirrors, and there he was closeted with him for a space of more than three hours. And when he came out he had the look of a man who has been doing battle. Or as he might have looked when they took him off the rack. But there was a great joy on his face, and he said to me: "Thy master hath made his peace with God." And that same night Doctor Septimus Dale died'."

JOHN WHITE laid the document down on the table.

"There it is," he said. "The writer seems to have had his day of grace, too, but as the world has not got hold of this story it probably came later on, when he, himself, was dying, perhaps.

"There is no question about the paper being genuine; and no one has had access to the MS except myself. It is a most extraordinary story. How came the priest to be there? Someone must have been praying for the old reprobate?"

The answer came to me in a flash.

"Someone sent the priest," I said. "Yourself. And the power that saved him was the Mass I said this morning."

He stared at me, as well he might.

I was very nearly prevented from saying it, I added. I had to cycle forty miles on a motor-bike, and the thing broke down, but I got it put right and came on at double speed—pretty quick it was——

He looked at me queerly.

"Faster than the fleetest steed," he suggested. "Strange that it should coincide with what the old man thought he saw when his conscience was dreaming. But no doubt that Mass had got to be said."

"No doubt it had," I agreed.

"And if I had found that paper sooner," he reflected, "The Mass would *not* have been said."

"And now," I said, "let me tell you something else." And I told him about the strange feeling that I had experienced when I said Septimus Dale's Mass.

"At first," I told him, "it seemed to me that I had been taken back four centuries. But now it seems to me that it was more than that."

"You mean," he said, "that you said that Mass for Septimus Dale in Eternity?"

"I mean," I replied, speaking very slowly and carefully, for I was speaking to myself as well as to him, "that I think God allowed me to have that strange feeling—arranged for me to have it—at the time of the creation of the day-star—so that it might help me to understand a mystery that so often eludes us. The mystery of His 'Now.' You must remember that I had been riding at top speed through the strong morning air."

My companion thought for a moment. "And I take it," he said, "that my eyes were mysteriously 'held' when I passed over that paper."

"Possibly," I returned. "Or possibly two pages had got stuck together with the paper in between them. That happened to an illustrated copy of Tennyson which a friend of mine thought to amuse a small nephew with, together with a stick of toffee. Saul Thickpenny's disciples may have been given to sucking toffee, and it would all be utilized in the Divine scheme. What we have to realize is, if I may so put it, the amazing grasp of detail displayed by the Divine Mind."

"That is more wonderful than my idea," John White said.

"Divine Love is infinitely resourceful," I went on, for he was an encouraging listener. "And we have it on the authority of Holy Scripture that God would have been there when Septimus Dale picked up the fallen sparrow."

MY companion inclined his head, reverently.

"I think I have got it now," he said. "We men do our actions consecutively, but God acts in a single, all-comprehensive 'at once.' And in the midst of it, stretching and radiating out to all, is the great redemptive Sacrifice of Calvary—of the Mass."

Then he ended: "And to think that when I came here last week I thought that God had His limitations. . . . This has taught me better."

"That, no doubt, is also part of the design," I said.

The big clock on the chimney-piece was striking eleven as Father Clyde came to the end of his story. "No time for questions," he said, smiling. "You will be saying that the old man's imagination had been serving him well that time. But, never mind —perhaps it was meant to?

At the Foot of the Cross

By SISTER M. BEATRICE

"THERE stood at the Cross, His Mother,"
  O'erwhelmed with grief:
Crushed was She as was no other,
  Nor sought relief.

Her soul in desolation
  Clung to Him,
Until the consummation
  Wrought by sin.

She saw His Side oped wide
  By lance's dart;
Beheld the saving tide
  Flow from His heart.

Soon viewed the Cross relieved
  Of Burden Blest;
Then to her heart bereaved
  Her Child she pressed.

She joined in love most brave
  The silent train;
Saw Him sealed in borrowed grave,
  The Mighty Slain!

The Catholic Church Must Be in Conflict

Being the TENTH of TWELVE Articles Answering the Question, *Can an Intelligent Man be an honestly Convinced Catholic in the Twentieth Century?*

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE making of the good of the community superior to the good of the family, or (ultimately) of the individual, is the next point on which we say that the Catholic Church certainly comes into conflict with any society which holds it.

Now it is the mark of the non-Catholic State that this doctrine, arisen in comparatively recent times so far as modern men are concerned (though, of course, like all other modern heresies, it is as old as the hills) has become almost universal. It has not penetrated, happily, to the popular mind; but it has taken a firm hold of those who have captured the greater part of the modern governmental machines: the modern bureaucracies, with their strong and increasing vested interests, the modern academic type of writing and thinking, and the people who, by wealth and "high-brow" inclinations combined, have so disproportionate an influence on our modern plutocracies.

A Two-Fold Attitude

THE Catholic attitude in this matter is two-fold. In the first place, so far as supreme interests are concerned, the individual is all in all. It is an individual soul that is lost or saved; it is an individual who is happy or unhappy; an individual whose dignity is violated or respected. Further, so far as the constitution of society is concerned, its essential unit is the family. The family is prior to the State.

It is clear that there must be conflict not only in theory but in practice between the one attitude and the other.

We shall begin, as in all these discussions, by guarding ourselves against fallacies based upon the obvious. If what is obviously true in the matter were a sufficient guide either way, there would be no disagreement, and therefore no need for discussion or for choice. It is obvious that the good of the community reacts upon the good of the family and of the individual; it is obvious that in certain exceptional cases (invasion, plague, etc.) a sudden accession of communal power is vitally necessary because, without it, the individual and the family would be wiped out. It is obvious that under conditions of very rapid and cheap transport of goods, persons and ideas, the sphere of the community in economic action increases, compared with what it was under older and simpler conditions. But the prime question remains: Which is the sacred thing, which is that to which the other must give way, the community or the family? The community or the dignity of the individual, with his immortal soul and his structure in the image of God?

To test this double question I will take a double example: Educational laws as affecting the family; the sterilization of the unfit, as affecting the individual.

The educational laws of the modern State where that State is non-Catholic or anti-Catholic in principle, more and more subordinate the family to the community. Therefore they are marked by certain characteristics which have come into our lives comparatively recently. One is uniformity. Those responsible for the child's existence do not choose what the child shall be taught. Both the subjects and the method are chosen for it by somebody quite other, to wit, a body of permanent officials of an Education Department with some admixture of politicians.

Thus it is taken for granted that the ability to read and write and do simple sums in arithmetic is more important than the knowledge of the most fundamental moral laws and theological truths. History, which is the object lesson for all of us and the most powerful formative factor of our political thought, is given to us at our most impressionable age on a State system. In England we have a very vivid example of this communal teaching. English State education in the matter of history is wholly Whig and wholly Protestant. All examinations are based on that particular kind of history, and as, with the strengthening of State education examination becomes more and more the necessary gateway to employment, that history is not only accepted as a matter of course, but *must* be accepted by every child unless it is prepared to sacrifice its career.

But where education is the strongest example of the primacy of the community over the family is in the matter briefly touched upon by indirect allusion in an earlier page—the matter of religion.

State or community education more and more regards the religion of a minority as a "frill." It is thought of as a little exceptional, unimportant thing for which allowance may perhaps be made, but which must not be permitted to interfere with the much bigger business of the communal educational machine.

A False Idea

THIS conclusion is arrived at by the unconscious application of a false idea. It is sincerely taken for granted that the religion of the majority is the basic religion of the whole nation, and that anything other in a particular body is merely an addition to this essential substructure.

Of course those who in practice adopt that position do not realize it, and are the first to be astonished when it is set before them in black

and white. But it is what I have described it to be. The State boasts that it teaches children "the generally accepted" truths in morals, manners, and the interpretation of the past. But those "generally accepted" truths are, as a fact, only the supposed truths taken for granted by the bulk of the society and may be, and in various degrees are, abhorrent to considerable minorities caught in the general network of the communal action.

Now what shall the Catholic attitude be compared with this particular manifestation of communal power? It can only be one of resistance. A difficulty necessarily arises from this contrast between the Catholic and the State ideal of education. In every white country of the world the difficulty has appeared. There are three, and only three, ways of solving it.

One is a process inconceivable to most men today, though it worked admirably for centuries and produced that great diversity of mind and that activity of discussion and lucidity of thought which used to be the glory of our ancient European civilization. It is the voluntary system. Under that system the parent chose his children's school (as the rich can still do). Those who wanted one type of education got it; those who wanted another got that; those who preferred ignorance remained ignorant. There was endowment ample for learning of every kind, entry free to the highest studies, but coercion for none.

Two Solutions

THE other two solutions are both within the communal coercive system, but with the difference that one makes the communal power supreme, and the other recognizes the rights of the family.

The first solves the difficulty by suppressing the family and insisting on complete uniformity. It is in education exactly what compulsory uniformity of worship was in the old State religions. It solves the problem by suppressing one term therein, namely, the choice of the parents. The family desires its child to be brought up to learn certain things in a certain order. The State ignores that desire and imposes its own curriculum and its own philosophy to the exclusion of all others.

The second solution is that of diverse schools—some, the most, conformable to the State or general philosophy and history, the others conformable to the family desires of the minority. The Polish system is an example of this. The very large Jewish minority in Poland has its own educational organization.

In many modern States there has been an attempt to establish this second solution; but it has been done imperfectly and grudgingly, with an increasing tendency to transform it into complete uniformity and to elbow out the separate schools of the minority. In England we have a standing example of that state of affairs.

Now here the Catholic Church will always, so long as the communal ideal prevails, lean for diversity in the schools and the right of the parent to choose the school as against the establishment of a general uniformity.

Turn now to the point of individual dignity, and take the special case of that quite modern policy, the sterilization of the unfit. So far it has been more talked of than acted on, though in some districts, including I believe, the Canton of Vaud in Switzerland, it has already passed into actual law.

Here there is, will and must be, direct and active conflict between the ancient and steadfast Catholic ideals and the new and, in Catholic eyes, monstrous pretention.

Grant the superiority of the common good over the lesser units of the State, and the policy of sterilization looks unanswerable. Granted the communal power to discover who is really unfit, then the claim that the unfit contaminate the general good of the State by breeding further unfit citizens must be conceded. But that good will be achieved at the expense of another good—human dignity. Which is the greater good?

We all know, of course, that the presumptions here set down, the infallibility of the State when it decides who is unfit, that the wealthier "unfit" will not escape, the certitude that the unfit will necessarily decrease the general standard, the denial that the general forces of nature eliminate and counteract the danger, are false. But even supposing they were true, what is the balance of good and evil in the affair? Are we the better off by preserving human dignity, the decent secrecies of private life, and the rights till recently universally admitted, even to the meanest of men, or by sacrificing them to the new policy?

The Catholic spirit will necessarily and actively say that these things should not be sacrificed, and, what is more, it will affirm that any State which does sacrifice them will do itself so grave a hurt in its intimate morals as to corrupt its whole life.

When or if the new policy passes into positive law, the conflict must be necessarily apparent.

What Is Reasonable?

I HAVE here taken only two highly specific examples, the last as yet restricted to quite a small field; but the principles involved run through the whole of human life. They affect every character, they color the whole nature of society, they determine the future of separate nations and of civilization as a whole. And here again, as in every other case, we are faced with the responsibility of answering the question: "Two attitudes or mood stand in contrast one against the other. Which is the more reasonable?"

The word "reasonable" means here, "Which do we find most consonant with the nature of man? Which suits us best? With which are we most at peace in our consciences? Which does the normal, healthy and sane man naturally adopt?"

It is not at first, nor apparently, a division between the Catholic and the non-Catholic; but the line of cleavage has appeared, and as the gulf grows deeper between the two camps the one must inevitably taken on the general color of Catholicism, and the other the general color of opposition to Catholicism.

By all means let the people who take up the second attitude—the supreme sanctity of communal good—proclaim their faith in it, and determine to carry it through against the opposition which the Catholic temper and its allies will and must make; but do not let them say that reason, still less science, is on their side.

Scientific discovery is admitted (with regard to the unfit, for instance) on both sides. What is disputed is a certain order and sequence in morals. What is disputed is which of two evils must be averted.

Here again, two moods or two worlds are at issue; not a world of reason against unreason, nor of instruction against uninstruction, but of one philosophy against another philosophy. Between these two philosophies we have to choose, each in his own community; and the white civilization in general, throughout what used to be the Christian world, depends upon our choice.

Maggie Murphy's Home

By MICHAEL EARLS, S. J.

If it is something to be great in literature, it is something greater to be great in life: and therefore Maggie Murphy's Home—*circa* A. D. MDCCCLXXXVIII —is a greater thing, if not in material splendors, surely as an idea and a principle and a memory, than The Wayside Inn, though the latter stands a century older, still aglow with the fireside "Tales" written by Longfellow in his neighborly Cambridge study, and now firmly captured and delightfully captivated by the wealthy investment and efficient management of Mr. Henry Ford.

And it is ardently hoped that some understanding and capable Maecenas of our day, such as Mr. Ford in regard of the Inn, will have the vision and the finance to preserve the Home from the slithering crashes of the encroaching city—from the rattling undermines of the Subway and the overhanging shadows of the Skyscrapers; and, as the Detroit patron, regardful of the Inn, preserved it upon its colonial foundations, but moved the Wayside away a hundred yards to secure the edifice against the road-shaking trucks and the jazzy disregard of the Profane Vulgars, so may some other Captain of Industry, with a Gaelic love of traditions, and an American eye for the Public Thing, find a way to remove the brown blur and blatant bluster of the Elevated Railroad —the crued dragon that necessitated the closing of the front windows of the Home, and silenced the harmony of its tones in the parlor above the Avenue.

Ah! the dear parlor! Bravo! The gentle programs given by the melodeon, more charming than those of a modern radio, because there was no broadcasting of unbelievable wares through the comic rhetoric of tutored salesmen about Pilfer's Cigarettes or Makebelieve Powders. How the poet of the Home was content to say of the function of that modest mahogany case and its pulsating reeds:

> There's an organ in the parlor,
> To give the house a tone!

And how we would gather and pause for a few moments out on the parterre of the social sidewalks,

> With all the boys and all the girls
> That worked down town with me,

to hear the organ announce that the reception moment was at the finger tips: and then would follow the succession of melodies, repeated *da capo al fin,* about Sweet Marie, and the Two Little Girls in Blue, and The Sidewalks of New York, to assure the assembling pilgrims, whether youthful swains in the front hallway or the youthful-hearted parents on the back porch, that

> You are welcome every evening
> At Maggie Murphy's Home.

Now, out front in the parlor, the young bloods would be laughing over their bantering dialogues and kindly repartees, and bravely chanting the facile choruses of the latest songs; and in the dim hallway at the head of the stairs there might be a cute chance for Ben Bolt to whisper to Sweet Alice. With what candor the poet of the Home admits and proclaims those interludes:

> And kisses on the sly.

But it was in the rear rooms of the Home where the splendors gathered—the patient graces of life and the worthy material of literature. For thither assembled the elders of the parlor lads and lassies, "straggling along at any decent hour," to find a welcome and comfort in any corner of the kitchen and the dining-room. Here indeed was "an academy of courtesy and conversation," (to quote a phrase from Alice Stopford Green's authoritative paragraph about Miss Margaret's ancestors in the medieval times). What realms of literature these humble men and women could travel over roads of poetry and prose. And this statement is not colored by any tint of exaggeration: for the assembled guests in the rear rooms of Maggie Murphy's Home were the intimate descendants of great traditions both of history and of legend.

Externally they appeared to be, as indeed they were after the trying effects of famine and exile four decades before, the hewers of wood and the carriers of water: but their hearts were ever to be young and courageous in the vivifying effects of their glorious heritage, and their memories were unfailing manuscripts of recorded treasures, rehearsing not only the invigorating humor and wistful pathos of ballads in the ragged scholarship of the Hedge-School-masters, but also the epic splendors of the old sagas and the bardic cycles of romance as old, and yet as young, as Saint Patrick and Oisin. Every corner of the Murphy kitchen and dining-room contained a modest Seanichie whose ballads and stories were older than the narratives which were gathered for The Wayside Inn,—Paul Revere, King Robert of Sicily, Rabbi Ben Levi, and finally King Olaf's Saga, which Ole Bull, the musical Norwegian, is presumed to have recited:

> And then the blue-eyed Norseman told
> A Saga of the days of old.
> And in each pause the story made
> Upon his violin he played.

And it is no scandal (such as modern scriveners affect to find for their biographical hish-hashers) to state here that Ole Bull had never been a guest at The Wayside Inn: and when that "historical fact" was enunciated by a ciceroness of the Inn to a group there with Mr. G. K. Chesterton recently, one could easily imagine that the distinguished Crusader, to whom the Longfellow "Tales" had been the golden A B C of his childhood in England, had ten thousand repartees ready to reply, as this, of a fragmentary dialogue, partly imaginary:

Ciceroness: Of course, Ole Bull was never here.

G. K. C. (*sotto voce and chuckling*): "Neither was King Olaf.

(*Follows a pause by the growing fireplace, while the ciceronesses display a Vermont sap bucket given by Mr. Calvin Coolidge and inscribed by Messrs. Ford, Firestone and Edison and by the Prince of Wales while a guest at Dearborn.*)

G. K. C. (*splendidly*): And now let us sit here by the fire, and tell stories, stories older than Boccacio: they are better than the radio. (*Happily and sensibly, the Inn has no radio.*)

Now, returning to Maggie Murphy's Home, it is not necessary to asseverate that the ancient bards of Deirdre or of Oisin were never actually present with those who gathered about the parlor organ or the kitchen stove. No boast may be made, though it would be true that the skillful maker of Irish songs and novels, Samuel Lover, was a guest on Broadway, not far from the Home, in 1849, and that his grandchild, Victor Herbert, was growing to musical fame there in 1894.

The point is that those evening groups who assembled about Mistress Murphy and Miss Margaret were lineal descendants and faithful retainers of a great tradition and of undimmed treasures in literature. Douglas Hyde, gathering material for books among the Galway hills in that decade, marvelled that he was able to take down from the lips of an old grandmother the thirty-four verses of a fourteenth century poem; this particular poem had been faithfully transmitted by memories all through those centuries, for only one manuscript copy of it existed, and that lay hidden and unknown in the Trinity College library.

And from this instance, offered by a literary historian, we may easily realize what countless balads and stories were retained and repeated by the plain-clothed descendants of the seanichies and grandmothers from the clans in Munster and Connaught. Continental scholars, if they had visited Maggie Murphy's Home at that time, would have gladly given their contemporary testimony to the literary heritage displayed there, and would have solaced the hearts of the exiles with the courteous manner of their dialogue:

Jules Jusserand (*reading from the first volume of his "History of English Literature"*): Ireland has preserved for us the most ancient monuments of Celtic thought. . . . Important works in our day have thrown light on this literature, but all is not yet accomplished; and it is computed that the entire publication of the ancient Irish manuscripts would fill about a thousand octavo volumes.

Stopford Brooke, (*while Jusserand is turning to a further page of his learning reads from his own notes*): And when we get these Irish literary remains done into English, they will start the Idylls of the King going for another thousand years.

Jusserand (*delighted at Brooke's enthusiasm of appreciation, and pointing to another paragraph in his "History," reads impressively*):

An inexhaustible fertility of invention was displayed by the Celtic makers of literature. They created the cycle of Conchobar, and afterwards that of Oisin, to which Macpherson's "adaptations" gave such world-wide renown that in our own century they directed Lamartine's early steps towards the realms of poetry. Later still they created the cycle of Arthur, most brilliant and varied of all, a perennial source of poetry from which the great French poet of the twelfth century sought his inspiration, and whence only yesterday the poet-laureate of England found his. (*Pausing and looking up from the page, Jusserand glances towards the group about the Murphy dining room. He does not know that an elderly woman there is an ardent patron of Mary Anderson, and another a relative of the Sadlier novelist; and that two of the attentive men are, one Jerry Cohan, the father of George, and the other an inspiring guide of Victor Herbert. Bowing towards Stopford Brooke, to approve of his note, Jusserand continues from his volume*):

No wonder if the descendants of these indefatigable inventors are men of rich literatures; not meagre literatures, but deep and inexhaustible ones. And if a copious mixture of Celtic blood flows, though in different proportions, in the veins of the French and of the English, it will be no wonder if they happen some day to produce the greater number of the plays that are acted, and of the novels that are read, all over the civilized world.

Brooke (*with his finger among pages of his "English Literature before the Norman Conquest," seems ready to read: he deems the pages too copious for the present moment*):

What I say here has to do with the influences, direct and indirect, of the Gaels in the making of English literature.

G. K. C. (*who had sat in his boyhood as a student at the feet of Stopford Brooke, is heard in the distance, as if over a future horizon, singing of Colan of Caerleon*):

> Last of a race in ruin—
> He spoke the speech of the Gaels;
> His kin were in holy Ireland,
> Or up in the crags of Wales.
> He kept the Roman order;
> He made the Christian sign;
> He made the sign of the Cross of God,
> He knew the Roman prayer:
> But he had unreason in his heart
> Because of the gods that were.
> For the great Gaels of Ireland
> Are the men that God made mad,
> For all their wars are merry
> And all their songs are sad.

And as the assembled guests rose to give their goodnight salutation to Mistress Murphy and Miss Margaret, after another of the wholesome evenings at Home, the organ in the parlor was approving the classic truth of poetry,—

> Be it ever so humble
> There is no place like Home:

and giving assurances to future poets to say (as Joyce Kilmer was to say),

> And the only reason a road is good, as every traveler knows,
> Is just because of the homes, the homes, the homes to which it goes.

And then in the lamplight and merry laughter, the entire chorus resounded,

> You are welcome every evening
> In Maggie Murphy's Home;

while the elders on the back porch confirmed the lines of the Murphy poet, as if he had written in the reflective manner of a Greek choral odist.

O blessed leisure hours,
The working people know.

AND *en passant* let us add that years afterward a scion of the Murphy household, a police lieutenant in the Bronx, engaged as a Welfare Worker with one of the splendid American Units during the Great War: and his training in the boyhood school of his grandmother's hospitality was influential in having that Unit proclaim at all of its "huts" in all of the camps, the honest slogan: "Everybody welcome: everything free."

Farewell, therefore, to Maggie Murphy's Home, a long farewell to all its greatness, unless a good Maecenas, such as Mr. Ford achieved for the Wayside Inn, will rescue the Home, and the principle of Home, from the cheerless spirit of Apartment and from the homelessness of Radio Stalls and Movie Theatres and Fireless Foyers. Surely it would be the desire of the distinguished, home-loving director of the huge Empire State Building to see Maggie Murphy's Home lifted up and set as a shrine of principles in the empyrean of the loftiest tower,—the Home that can say more truly than any king or congress, *"L'etat, c'est moi,"* and hold aloft the heart of its song, "Home! Home, sweet home," to purify and strengthen the hearts of all the world.

The Failure of Mencken as Artist

By JOHN BUNKER

AMONG the literary phenomena of the last twenty years in These States, H. L. Mencken stands out in a certain unique prominence. As for the causes of that prominence various reasons have been given: some ascribing it to his wit; some, to his penetrating eye for shams; some, to his position as intellectual precursor of the Jazz Era. To the present writer his most characteristic quality is his abounding vitality, his sheer "drive," his inexhaustible gusto, so that—if it did not lay one open to the charge of irreverence—one might almost call him the Al Jolson of literature, or more accurately, considering his versatile forays into diverse fields, a singular embodiment of the Four Marx Brothers. And if these comparisons have an implication of smart showmanship and even, on occasion, vulgarity, they are not merely for that reason to be dismissed. One thing is sure—he is eminently readable. Let that at least be set down for a virtue.

Naturally, the attitude aroused by a writer of such masculine vigor and bold outspokenness will not be one of indifference, and therefore it is no matter of surprise to find among his readers, on the one hand, a considerable number who wholeheartedly admire him—largely, no doubt, because of the enemies he has made—and on the other, a more orthodox and conservative group who are implacably hostile. These last will have none of him and insist on breaking the gadfly on the wheel, using all the elaborate apparatus of philosophic and theological exegisis.

These counter-attacks from the orthodox, in fact, through their very elaboration often bring up the question whether Mencken really calls for such solemn condemnation. Certainly because he has an exuberant flow of words and a flair for rough humor does not seem adequate warrant for taking him as a philosopher. That he is not a philosopher, as that term is commonly understood, of course no one acquainted with his manner of thought — and with philosophy — can deny. For how can that be called philosophy which clings to innate prepossessions and indeed draws a large part of its strength from basic prejudices? And how from out the mass of his writings can anything approaching a system be constructed? Indeed, probably no one would be more indifferent than Mencken himself to have foisted on him, either by friends or enemies, the position of "thinker."

Though Mencken has slight pretension as a philosopher, however, there is in his writings another pretension almost pathetically evident—his ambition to excel in what he is fond of terming "the art of Beautiful Letters." In short, he would take rank as an artist; and when the quality of his writing is considered, the well-nigh perfect fusing of personality and style, and when the further fact is considered that this writing is done, as all artistic writing must be done, *con amore,* because the writer feels, not thinks, in this particular way, then it is plain we have reasons for careful scrutiny.

Because of the apparently unaesthetic nature of much of Mencken's material — politics and Rotarianism, Evangelical crudities, Big Business, and all the other vagaries in the national scene—the point is liable to be missed that all this has value for him not on account of its objective importance but only because of the emotional reaction it stirs up in him and the emotional response it causes him to give back. In other words, Mencken, writing on such seemingly prosaic subjects as Methodism or Democracy, is much the same as Hazlitt writing on such seemingly prosaic topics as the "bruisers" of the London prize-ring or contemporary English politics and politicians. Only—and the distinction is important — Hazlitt approaches his subject with love or at least with a certain fundamental human sympathy, whereas Mencken —but that brings up another point.

IF there is one thing more than another made plain by the study of literature, one quality universally insisted on as essential to the artist in letters, it is this very quality of love, sympathy, or, if you will, pity towards the object with which the artist must be most concerned — human nature, man. From the "lacrymae rerum" of Vergil all the way down to our own day and that "notation of the heart" which Thornton Wilder professes as his artistic creed, this quality of

human sympathy runs as a golden thread, or rather is discernable as a pervasive atmosphere — embracing even the writers of a rationalistic age like Queen Anne's, even the waspish Pope, even the savage Swift.

It so happens that probably the most acute and searching criticism ever directed against Mencken deals with this very point. Oddly enough, it was written as long ago as 1919, just as he was launching on the high tide of his career. Moreover, because of the peculiar authority of the critic, it really deserves to rank as one of the curiosities of literature. With certain elisions and necessary insertions, it runs as follows:

"[He] writes a journalese that is extraordinarily fluent and tuneful; . . . [he] is apt to be carried away by the rush of his own smartness. [He] carries scepticism so far that it often takes on the appearance of a mere suspicion of ideas, bellicose and unintelligent . . . [In his works] there is a tremendous marshalling of meticulous and illuminating observation, the background throbs with color, the sardonic humor is never failing, it is a capital show — but always one goes away from it with a sense of having missed the conclusion, always there is a final begging of the question. It is not hard to perceive the attitude of mind underlying this chronic evasion of issues. It is, in essence, agnosticism carried to the last place of decimals. Life itself is meaningless; therefore, the discussion of life is meaningless; therefore, why try futilely to get a meaning into it? . . .

"When there is no organization of the spectacle at all, when it is presented as a mere formless panorama, when to the sense of its unintelligibility is added the suggestion of its inherent chaos, then the mind revolts. Art . . . cannot deal solely with precisely what is. It must, at the least, present the real in the light of some recognizable ideal; it must give to [life], if not some moral, then at all events some direction. . . .

"One carries away from [his books], not the impression of a definite transaction, not the memory of an outstanding and appealing personality, not the after-taste of a profound emotion, but merely the sense of having witnessed a gorgeous but incomprehensible parade, coming out of nowhere and going to God knows where. . . . [His books] bristle with charming detail, they radiate the humors of an acute and extraordinary man, they are entertainment of the best sort — but there is seldom anything in them of . . . clear, well-aimed and solid effect. . . .

"He may not play the game according to the rules, but the game that he plays is nevertheless extraordinarily diverting and calls for an incessant play of the finest sort of skill. . . . Within [his] one field every 'source of observation, of invention and of imagination' has been brought to bear upon the business—every one save that deep feeling for man in his bitter tragedy which is the most important of them all."

There it all is, definitely set down and annotated. And who, pray, is the critic? Reader, you have no doubt guessed it already — it is Mencken himself. True, his attack is levelled not at his own breast but another's, that he is discussing the work of Arnold Bennett, not his own. Nevertheless, the deadly accuracy is there. Writing from a self-knowledge that he was perhaps not aware of, he has unconsciously disclosed the weak link in his armor.

To some it may seem a curious circumstance that a writer should be so keenly alive to the deficiency in another and yet himself manifest the same lack in his own work. But, psychologically speaking, what is more familiar than the case of the person strongly critical of another's faults and deficiencies being himself a shining example of the very things complained of? And from a moral viewpoint it still holds that one may be very much aware of the mote in one's neighbor's eye without at all recognizing the beam in one's own.

It was said above that Mencken has slight prescription to, and probably slighter ambition for, the title of thinker; and while it would be wrong to apply to him Anatole France's stinging comment on Zola, "A crowd was more to him than a thought," the reason is not that Mencken values thought so much as that he despises mankind more. Although individual figures here and there — Beethoven, Nietzsche, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis—may draw forth his admiration, man as such is to him merely "homo boobiens," a creature for scorn and the most devastating contempt. This is his capital deficiency as an artist, the deadly sin for which there is no artistic salvation. We may grant indeed that he has wit, humor, style, vitality, that he exhibits "every resource of observation, of invention and of imagination," that he possesses, in fact, every necessary quality to a writer—every one, that is, "save that deep feeling for man in his bitter tragedy which is the most important of them all."

Prayer

By J. CORSON MILLER

THEY shut His body between great walls,
And His eyes away from the sun;
But Heaven knows where disaster falls,
And prayers can leap and run.

Oh, He trained His hands in a man's way,
To fold in a stainless prayer;
And His words pierced walls like an X-ray,
As if no walls were there.

In the darkness he visioned joy and light,
Though His feet and hands were torn;
For His heart was molded of virtue's might,
In a world of scorn.

They fastened Him down between iron walls—
Men, grown savage through sin;
But the Savior Who hears when a sufferer calls,
Came in.

IT HAPPENED IN MAY

¶ *Fra Giovanni's Notes on This Month's Anniversaries of Persons and Events*

May First

418—Great Council opens at Carthage.

1274—General Council opens at Lyons, convened by Blessed Gregory X four days after his coronation.

1572—Death of Pius V, the Pope who once threatened to leave Rome if any immoral women were allowed in it. Added the invocation "Help of Christians" to the Rosary after the Battle of Lepanto, in which Christendom was saved from the Turks.

1579—Foundation of English college at Rome.

1564—Date fixed by Cromwell for "the transportation of all the existing Catholic landowners of Ireland, who were ordered to quit their homes and depart in a body into Connaught there to inhabit a desolate tract destitute of houses or any accommodation, and where a cordon of soldiers was to be stationed to prevent their return." All found after May 1st on East of the line were to be executed. This order led to the phrase "To Hell or Connaught"; also to that of the "Curse of Cromwell."

1860—Pius IX makes world appeal for loan of fifty million francs for defence of the Holy See.

1889—Vicariate Apostolic established for Papua, New Guinea.

May Second

373—Death of St. Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria.

1312—Bull "Ad Providam" of Pope Clement V orders disbandment of the Order of Knights Templar.

1519—Death of Leonardo da Vinci, the famous painter.

1536—Henry VIII, the "reformer" King of England, commits to the gaol of the Tower of London Anne Boleyn, the second of his six "wives."

1774—Introduction of the "Quebec Act," by which England granted to Canada "liberty to profess the religion of the Church of Rome." This measure, while infuriating the American Puritan Colonists undoubtedly had the effect of saving Canada for England.

May Third

327—Traditional date Finding of True Cross at Jerusalem by St. Helena.

1535—First landing at Santa Cruz Bay, California. By Franciscan Fathers.

1697—Death at Quebec of Father Claude Dablon, a Jesuit Missionary. First man to discover the copper mines in the district of Lake Superior.

1822—Foundation at Lyons, France, of Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Mlle. Jaricot the real foundress with her organized system of contributions.

1892—Papal encyclical to the French Bishops enjoins obedience to the French Government, even in the face of the new anti-clerical laws.

May Fourth

1496—Alexander VI issues his Bull of Partition, dividing the then New Worlds between the exploring Powers of Spain and Portugal, and their respective Sovereigns to appoint upright men to instruct the natives in the Catholic Faith.

1796—(Saint) Alphonsus Liguori now declared Venerable.

1834—Apostolic Delegation set up for Greece.

1897—The famous Charity Bazaar in Paris. An organization mainly of the great ladies of the French Catholic aristocracy, and there was a fire and a panic in which one hundred and thirty lives were lost.

1904—Pope enters formal protest against visit of President Loubet of France to the Quirinal, the seat of the anti-clerical Italian Government in Rome. A State Visitor to the Quirinal could not, of course, be received at the vatican.

1912—Statue erected in Georgetown College, Washington, D. C., to Bishop Carroll who had established the College in 1789. Bishop and later Archbishop of Baltimore. Washington became seat of U. S. Government in 1790.

1916—British Government thanks the Pope for his War mediation which had resulted in the transfer of hopelessly wounded prisoners-of-war of both sides to Switzerland.

May Fifth

358—Death of St. Maximus, Bishop of Jerusalem, Martyr. One eye was burned out and his leg was tortured by a hot iron.

1679—Venerable John Lloyd, a Welsh priest is charged with being a priest contrary to the statute of Elizabeth—"Good Queen Bess" of English fable. Chief witness against him a deformed dwarf who had taken up priest-hunting for his profession. Gets £200 reward. Prisoner naturally found guilty and executed at Cardiff.

1851—Origination of idea of Catholic University at Dublin.

May Sixth

1237—Death of Roger of Wendover, a famous English medieval historian.

1527—Sack of Rome, when the Swiss Guards made the famous stand to cover Pope's retreat to the Castle of St. Angelo. All lost their lives. In 1927 a monument erected in Rome to the feat.

1542—Arrival in India of St. Francis Xavier.

1590—Execution of Venerable Edward Jones, a convert Anglican. Raised the curious point at his own trial as to whether his own torture was legal in English law. Some centuries later English jurists decide that torture had been illegal.

1840—Death of Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, founder of the Catholic settlement of Loretto, Pennsylvania. This was a Russian nobleman who, on leaving the "Orthodox" Church to become a Catholic was deprived of his estates and his title by the Russian Government.

May Seventh

685—Death of Pope Saint Benedict II.

1535—Blessed Thomas More,

Lord Chancellor of England and a prisoner in the Tower of London is given final chance of recognizing King Henry VIII as "Supreme Head of the Church of England." Declines and later executed.

1806—Birth of Archbishop Ullathorne, a prelate famous at time of restoration of the Hierarchy in England. His mother a relation of St. John Franklin, the Arctic explorer, and young Ullathorne as a lad wished to be a sailor.

1870—"Illustrated London News," a leading English paper, reviews Lord Beaconsfield's "Lothair," with its "conversion to Rome" of the young nobleman as "a magnificently farcical idea." But the original of the "Lothair," the Marquis of Bute, was converted.

May Eighth

1521—Edict of Ban of Holy Roman Empire against Martin Luther presented to the Emperor for signature.

1753—Birth of Father Hidalgo, the future Liberator of Mexico and the "George Washington" of that country.

1868—Appearance of the Stigmata in the case of Louise Lateau of Belgium. Famous case.

1869—Lost at sea of the "General Abbatucci," a vessel bound from Marseilles to Civita Vecchia. Twenty-three recruits for the Papal Armies drowned, as also the Marseilles Consul-General for the States of the Church. And forty thousand pounds collected abroad for the Holy See and its defence.

1894—Fetes at Orleans, France, in honor of Joan of Arc.

1894—Basutoland, South Africa, made an independent Prefecture.

1895—Pope approves Society of the Blessed Sacrament; founded Paris 1856.

1915—Pope orders all books, duplicates, etc., that can properly be spared from the Vatican Library to be put aside for the future reconstruction of Louvain Library, burned by the Germans in the Great War.

May Ninth

1439—Birth at Siena, Italy, of future Pius II.

1852—Opening of first Plenary Council of Baltimore; thirty-five Bishops and six Archbishops present.

1923—King George and Queen Mary of England received in private audience by Pope Pius XI.

1928—Letter in London "Times" from Sir Frederick Milner apologizing for having in ignorance stated the ancient fable of the "Jesuit doctrine" about "the End Justifying the Means."

May Tenth

1170—Death of St. Isidore of Madrid, Spain. A laborer, and Patron Saint of the world's most aristocratic capital.

1652—Father Jacques Buteux, a French Jesuit missionary in Canada, killed by Iroquois Indians.

1739—Birth of Archbishop Troy of Dublin, who built the Dublin pro-Cathedral. Only now (1930) is a new Cathedral being considered.

1887—Bishopric of Adelaide, Australia, elevated into Archbishopric.

1896—Consecration Cathedral St. Thomas, Mylapore, India, on traditional site of grave of the Apostle.

May Eleventh

824—Death of Pope St. Paschal I.

1524—Pope Clement VII creates a new Patriarchate of the West Indies. The Patriarch is the Archbishop of Toledo in Spain, and the Patriarchate is in its way a curiosity, since there is no diocese attached to it.

1801—Formation of the Pope's "Noble Guard," for which the future Pope Pius the Ninth was in 1814 rejected on the grounds of ill health. Was Pope for thirty-two years, dying in 1878 as an awful warning to medical officers.

1899—Papal Bull proclaims Universal Jubilee of 1900.

May Twelfth

304—Martyrdom of St. Pancras, a boy of 14. Patron of Truth.

563—St. Columba, aged 44, lands from Ireland in Iona. Apostle of the Picts.

1521—Pope's sentence against Martin Luther read in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

1879—Newman made a Cardinal.

1907—Death of Joris Carl Huysmans, author of "Las Bas" and several other famous books of decadence. Becoming converted, wrote "The Oblate," "En Route," "The Cathedral," and especially "The Crowds of Lourdes."

May Thirteenth

1539—Bill brought into English Parliament to confiscate all monastic properties: 645 Monasteries, 90 Colleges, 2,374 Chantries, and 110 Hospitals.

1540—Bill brought into English Parliament to hand all confiscated Monastic properties over to Henry VIII, who grants them out again to his favorites. Foundation of the bulk of the English aristocracy.

1606—Edward Maria Wingfield now elected President of the Council of Patentees to whom Virginia had been granted. Godson of Cardinal Pole. Catholics, however, attempting to hold office were fined 1,000 pounds of tobacco.

1704—Death of Father Bourdaloure, S.J., famous Court preacher of France who preached the Magdalene Sermon to the Grand Monarque and his mistresses.

1792—Birth of John Maria Mastai-Ferretti, future Pope Pius I. (See above, May 11th, 1801.)

1873—Letter to London "Universe" appeals for recruits for the "Praying Legion," which, military means having failed, was to pray back Rome for the Pope (and cf. 11th February, 1929, and the Lateran Treaty as to Vatican City.)

1920—Canonization of St. Gabriel, a Passionist student. Statue in St. Joseph's Passionist Church, Highgate, London.

May Fourteenth

1205—Death of Blessed Gil of Santarem, Portugal, a famous sorcerer who had repented.

1843—Daniel O'Connell, the Irish "Liberator," holds monster meeting at Mullingar. One hundred and thirty thousand people estimated to be present. Three Bishops attend.

1869—O'Connell's body after twenty-two years at Glasnevin Cemetery removed to a special crypt under a memorial tower. Cardinal Cullen present.

May Fifteenth

1735—Birth of Father John Barrow, who had in his youth been "pressed" for the English Navy and had served seven years on a man-of-war. Escaped finally by jumping overboard and swimming ashore.

1847—Death of O'Connell (see above, May 14th) at Geneva on pilgrimage to Rome.

1866—Religious census taken in France. Thirty-six million Catholics, one million Protestants, one hundred fifty-eight thousand Jews.

1869—"Newfoundlander" paper

reports death of Bishop Dalton of Harbour Grace.

1871—Pope rejects offer of three and a quarter million livres a year from the new Italian Government, which had just seized the Papal City. This was the "Law of Guarantiess," and its rejection was consistent with the "Prisoner of the Vatican" status which lasted up to the Lateran Treaty and the establishment of Vatican City in 1929.

May Sixteenth

1532—Blessed Thomas More resigns the Chancellorship of England.

1897—Edward Patrick Allen consecrated as Bishop of Mobile, Alabama.

1905—Death of Mr. Philibert Vrau, the "Holy Man of Lille," France. This was a wealthy Catholic manufacturer who, with his brother, tried to supernaturalize his business, arranging his workmen's hours so as to allow of regular devotions, letting his factory bells ring the Canonical Hours, and so forth. The Cause of the two brothers is now (1930) under consideration, and they are frequently referred to in the popular press as "the frock-coated Saints."

May Seventeenth

1536—Henry VIII as "Supreme Head of the Church of England" decides to exercise his spiritual powers in dissolving his "marriage" with his own second "wife," Anne Boleyn, and has her executed two days later.

1809—Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte "abolishes" the Temporal Power.

1870—End of Franco-Prussian War and start of the Commune. Paris mob sacks Church of Notre Dame des Victoires and holds an orgie in it.

1902—Legal foundation of Catholic political party in France. "L'Action Liberal Populaire." Starts with 200,000 membership.

1925—Canonization of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, the "Little Flower."

May Eighteenth

1565—Ottoman Fleet beseiges Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in Malta. Prayers in Protestant England for the Knights. But a few years later Elizabeth asks the Sultan to join her against Spain on the ground of their common religion against "idolatry."

1642—Island of Montreal, Canada, dedicate to the Holy Family. First Mass said there.

1711—Birth of Guiseppe Boscovitch, the architect-engineer who when there was a panic about the Dome of St. Peter's, Rome, encircled the Dome with iron bands and so secured it.

May Nineteenth

715—Election of Pope St. Gregory II, who sent St. Boniface to "the wild nations of Germany."

804—Death of Archbishop Alcuin, who founded St. Peter's School, York, probably the oldest school in the English-speaking world. And as the present writer went there, for purposes of this chronicle, it is the oldest school.

1296—Death of St. Peter Celestine, Pope Celestine V. Pope who voluntarily abdicated. Founder of Celestines.

1506—Will of Christopher Columbus leaves one-tenth of income to the poor of his House for ever. A Chapel founded and endowed for Masses for his soul.

1591—Cannon-ball shatters leg of future St. Ignatius Loyola.

1854—Manning's letter to Wilberforce, who was then an Anglican. Says that "Educated Romans deride the English Church as the lowest form of worldly and inconsistent Protestantism."

May Twentieth

1535 — Pope Paul III creates Bishop Fisher a Cardinal. But the Bishop—now Blessed John Fisher —was then a prisoner in the Tower of London.

1536—Henry VIII, though wearing white as a widower in mourning (having beheaded his last "wife" the previous day) betroths himself to Jane Seymour.

1681—Innocent XI revives the ancient Patriarchate of Bagdad, though until 1838 the residence was at Diarbekir.

1925—Conversations opened at Malines, Belgium, as to status of the Anglican Church.

May Twenty-first

1586—"In consequence of the appalling growth of immorality in Germany since the abolition of Catholicism, Duke Louis issues a mandate increasing the punishment for various abominable crimes.

1784—Pope approves the Order of Penance or Scalzetti. A Spanish Order which to the three usual vows added a fourth, perpetually to defend the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. Called Scalzetti because at first they went barefoot.

1804—Pére La Chaise cemetery in Paris first used. Pére L. C. had been confessor to King Louis XIV, who made him Superior of a Jesuit establishment whose site was afterwards bought up for a national cemetery.

1827—The "Evening Standard," now (1930) one of the most prominent of London papers, starts as a "Voice against Popery" to oppose the then suggested Catholic Emancipation Bill.

1876—Pope announces forthcoming Exhibition at Vatican.

1904—French Government recall its Ambassador to the Holy See.

May Twenty-second

1172—Henry II, King of England and Duke of Normandy, receives on his knees from the Papal Legate the Apostolic Absolution for his part in the martyrdom of St. Thomas á Becket. At Avranches Cathedral in France.

1807—Death of Father Edgeworth, Confessor to Louis XVI of France. Accompanied him to the scaffold. "Child of St. Louis, Ascend to Heaven."

1907—Ending of first meeting ever held of all the Benedictine Abbots in the world. At Rome.

1927—Monsignor Walsh consecrated on Sancian Island, China. First native-American Bishop in China.

May Twenty-Third

230—Death of Pope St. Urban I. This Pope is said to have ordered chalices to be made of silver.

1474—Bull of Sixtus IV confirms the Order of Minims.

1810—Birth of John Spalding, future Archbishop of Baltimore.

1865—Polish Abbé Stanislas Bizosiki captured by the Russians and executed.

1873—Died at St. Louis, Father Pierre Jean De Smet, since 1839 a missionary to the Red Indians and said to have had more power over them than any man before or since.

1887—Allocution of Leo XIII causes great sensation in the diplomatic world. Insomuch as it was the first Papal Allocution since 1870 containing no reference to the lost Temporal Power. This omission was thought to preface some

rapprochement with the Italian Government.

May Twenty-fourth

1807—Pius VII canonizes St. Hyacintha of Viterbo. Had founded a Hospice for "poor gentlefolk too proud to beg." Died in 1640.

1814—Pope returns to Rome with the Fall of Napoleon.

1824—Birth of Archbishop Croke of Cashel, who was the main influence in restraining the Irish under the English "Coercion Laws."

1871—Murder of Archbishop of Paris during the Commune.

May Twenty-fifth

604—Death of St. Augustine, first Archbishop of Canterbury.

615—Death of St. Boniface IV, the Pope who converted the Roman Pantheon of all the Gods and dedicated it to Our Lady and the Holy Martyrs.

1085—Death of St. Gregory VII.

1261—Death of Pope Alexander IV.

1876—Consecration of Baltimore Cathedral. Begun 1806.

1877—Future Cardinal Gibbons becomes Coadjutor-Bishop of Baltimore.

1879—Formal dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Said to be the eleventh cathedral in the world in size.

1914—Creation as Cardinals of Archbishop Louis Bégin of Quebec and of Cardinal Gasquet, the world-famous Benedictine scholar.

1915—Pope writes bitterly to Cardinal Vannutelli on the outbreak of War between Austria and Italy. "War making more war." Catholics ordered to keep three days' strict fast.

1922—First International Eucharistic Congress since 1914 which had then been held in Lourdes, opens in Rome.

1927—Government of Cuba decides to establish diplomatic relations with the Holy See.

May Twenty-sixth

1798—English "fencibles," i.e., irregular troops mostly recruited from the slums of the great cities, burn down the Catholic Chapel and twenty cottages at Boulavogue, Co. Wexford. Opening of the Irish Rising of 1798.

1805—Napoleon Bonaparte crowns himself with the Iron Crown of the Lombards in the Duomo of Milan, Italy.

1875—Catholic Church at Holyoke, Massachusetts. takes fire; panic results in eighty deaths.

1878—Consecration of Rt. Rev. George Rigg, first Bishop of Dunkeld, Scotland, since 1585.

1927—Cardinal Lucon re-opens Rheims Cathedral, France, restored since its damage in the World War.

May Twenty-seventh

526—Death of Pope St. John I, under whom red became the Papal color.

1651—Death of Cardinal Louis de Noailles, the French statesman.

1692—Puritans in Salem appoint a commission to try cases of witchcraft. Nineteen persons hanged and one is pressed to death for refusing to plead "guilty" or "not guilty."

1873—Father O'Keefe awarded one farthing (half a cent) damages in his law suit against Cardinal Cullen. The priest had been suspended and had then brought an action against the Cardinal on the point as to whether the suspension was legal under some Protestant Act of Queen Elizabeth. And it was not "legal," and so in return for some hundreds of pounds of law costs, plaintiff was given half a cent as his damages. Three years later, however, Father O'Keefe made his submission to his superiors. But in its time a very famous case, with various Protestant Societies financing the action against the Cardinal.

1885—Pantheon in Paris secularized. Was really Church of St. Geneviéve, patroness of Paris, built by King Louis XV in pursuance of a vow.

1906—Beatification of the Sixteen Blessed Martyrs of Compiégne of 1794. These were the first Martyrs under the French Revolution on whom the Holy See passed judgment. Carmelite Sisters and Lay Sisters.

May Twenty-eighth

1533—Cramner, the famous Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounces Henry VIII's marriage to Anne Boleyn to be "good and lawful." Pope immediately contradicts this statement, the King's real wife being still alive. (Incidentally, cf. May 17th, where within three years the Royal Bridegroom had beheaded his good and lawful "wife".)

1839—Pope Gregory XVI establishes Apostolic Delegation for Egypt and Arabia.

1899 — Latin-American Council inaugurated at Rome; Monsignor Casanova presides.

May Twenty-ninth

1453—Capture of Constantinople by Sultan Mahommet II.

1546—Cardinal Beaton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, Scotland, is assassinated by the "reformers."

1897—Outbreak of fire in Pisa Cathedral, Italy. Panic, and nine persons crushed to death and twenty-one injured.

1927—Jesuit School of St. Geneviéve, Versailles, France, celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. Foch, Lyautey, and D'Esperey, three Marshals of France of the Great War, were educated there.

May Thirtieth

274—Death of St. Felix I. The Pope said first to have issued the Decree for Masses to be said on the tombs of the Martyrs.

1498—Columbus sets sail on his third voyage "in the name of the Blessed Trinity. Hoping to be guided by God to something which may be to His service and to the honor of Christendom."

1849—Great Britain by the "Canadian Act" now recognizes the ecclesiastical titles of the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Lower Canada. That is, of the old "New France," Quebec and Montreal.

May Thirty-first

1540—Death of St. Angela of Merici, foundress of the Order of the Ursulines.

1678—Coventry, England, first starts its famous Lady Godiva procession; according to local records "James Swinnerton's son takes the part of Lady Godiva." Generally now portrayed by an actress in tights riding on a circus horse.

1809—Death at Vienna of Franz Joseph Haydn, composer.

1821—Dedication of Baltimore Cathedral.

1850—Creation of Nesqually Diocese, now Seattle.

1857—Birth in Desio, Italy, of Achille Ratti, the future Pius XI, the two hundred and sixtieth Pope from St. Peter.

1865—Doctor Newman's letter to Archbishop Manning, asking not to be made a bishop.

1906—Marriage of Princess Ena of Battenburg to King Alfonso of Spain. A bomb thrown at Royal Couple. Tablet commemorating their escape in Carmelite Church, Kensington, London.

Fun & Philosophy: History & Tragedy

My Card-Index on the Loose

The Tenth of Twelve Chapters

By JOHN GIBBONS

IRELAND would seem to make quite a decent start for a new chapter, and leaving out all the reams of history and stuff, I have one or two oddments that I rather like. There is for instance my index-card relative to the 16th of January, 1846. On which happy morning "Twenty thousand of the more respectable of the Irish Romanists received through the Post Office a tract entreating them to turn from the Errors of Popery." The sender, by the way, was an English clergyman who modestly signed himself merely as "A Voice from Heaven," and one could imagine that the English Post Office must have been extraordinarily grateful to him. The only sad part of the business would to me appear to be the annoyance of the Irish who not getting any tract found themselves socially grouped among the Less Respectable. And if anyone finds themselves unable to believe my story, it is taken from Killen's "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," and I am ever so glad that I read through the book.

Senor Cabrera

I HAVE an odd entry of 1894, which would seem to point to some little confusion between two branches of the "Anglo-Catholic" Church, both no doubt excellent in themselves. It concerns a Spanish gentlemen called Senor Cabrera, with ecclesiastical tastes that seemed just a little hard to suit exactly. He certainly was not a Catholic, and in fact very strongly disapproved of the Catholic Church in his own country. On the other hand, he objected to calling himself a common Protestant, and therefore launched out with an affair which he named the "Spanish Reformed Church," and if you please, could he be its first Bishop?. Only the trouble was quite who was to make him a Bishop.

He applied to the "Anglicans" of England and they said that with every possible regret, it simply could not be done. But the Irish branch of the "Anglican Church" was far more accommodating, and in 1894 the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin together with the Protestant Bishop of Clogher and the Protestant Bishop of Down all solemnly united in "consecrating" Senor Cabrera to his coveted post.

The next curious thing that happened was that the English Church Union—the "High Church" organization of the Establishment—wrote to the Catholic Archbishop of Toledo and repudiated the whole concern, including presumably the spiritual powers of their own Episcopal brethren on the Irish side of St. George's Channel. And before the echoes of that letter had cleared away, Cardinal Vaughn, as the Catholic Primate of England, circularized the Church in Spain pointing out that as none of the parties to the whole transaction had been Catholics at all, no harm had been done and therefore nobody need take any notice of the business. But it was a little curious.

F. G. Lee

THEN I had another curious case of an Anglican Bishopric, and one supposes that there can now be no harm in telling the story. 1902, my card is dated, and that was the year of the death of a Mr. F. G. Lee. A Catholic layman he died, but before his conversion he had been an Anglican clergyman, and in that capacity amongst the very "Highest" of the "High"! And once he had made history in a small way on the Protestant side. For quarreling with his own Episcopacy, he went and persuaded the Old Catholic schismatic church to consecrate him as "Bishop of Dorchester" in England, a See which has not existed for a good many hundred years. Of the Making of Bishops, it would seem, there is no End. And then as I say after all this, the man went and died quite happily as a Catholic layman.

Siege of Derry

REVERTING to our Ireland, I have an odd and very unpleasant note about the famous Siege of Derry in 1689. There was no food, and so we have it that a Rat was sold for a shilling, a Cat for four-and-six, and a quarter of a Dog fattened on the bodies of the Dead Irish, 5/6d. I warned you that the entry was pretty beastly! Lots of the Irish ones are. Only they are true. Then I have a bit from the old Corporation Laws of Bandon. "Jew, Turk, or Atheist may enter here but not a Papist." And the thing was fairly typical. One could go on with instance after instance.

I have a note of James II landing at Kinsale in 1689 and immediately summoning a Parliament entirely composed of Catholics. And then there is another odd note about Kilkenny once being a sort of temporary Catholic Capital of Ireland. This was in 1642, when the Catholic Confederation held its first meeting. Dublin of course was impossible, and so they chose Kilkenny. The idea was to oppose the Planters (in 1610 the City of London, to give one instance only, had signed an agreement to take over the entire County of Coleraine, out of which the Papists had been turned) but to remain loyal to the Crown. And with this intention they even began to mint their own special coinage. *Floreat Rex,* it had upon it.

Armagh of course is the ecclesiastical capital of Catholic Ireland. (Archbishop Crolly who died in 1849 of cholera contracted by remaining amongst his flock was the first post-"reformation" Archbishop of Ar-

magh that the Protestants ever allowed permanently to reside in his own city.) In ancient times there was a good deal of rivalry between Armagh and Dublin. Till in the end the Pope decided that while the Archbishop of Dublin should rank as Primate of Ireland, the Archbishop of Armagh should be Primate of All Ireland. We find the titles paralleled in England, with Canterbury and its Primacy of All England and York and its Primacy of England. Both Titles of course though used today by the two Protestant Archbishops, date back to Catholic days.

Mr. Vere Foster

ONE more of my Irish entries has to do with Mr. Vere Foster, who though one of the greatest benefactors Ireland ever had was neither an Irishman nor a Catholic. He was a wealthy young Englishman when in 1848 he took up residence on some Irish Estates. That was the bad time of the Famine, and unlike most of his race, religion, and class, Mr. Vere Foster realized the awful tragedy of the business and set to work as far as he could to remedy it. All sorts of relief works he started, and feeding centres, and then when it was borne in upon him that the conditions at home were hopeless, he turned his mind to the problem of Emigration.

The girls, he thought, should come first, and England, he said (though I write it with every possible regret), was no place for them. It must be America. And very largely at his own expense he managed to emigrate no less than twenty-five thousand young women from the worst congested areas of the starving Ireland. In this task, says the biography, he had "the cooperation of all the Roman Catholic clergy without a single exception and of nearly all the Protestant clergy." It was not a bad record, and when Mr. Vere Foster died in 1900 he was a considerably poorer man than in 1848.

More than this, however, he did. And not only Ireland but America owes a good deal to him. The Emigration shipping trade was then in a condition hardly to be proud of. Travelling by itself was pretty awful, but the things were made a thousand times worse by the absolutely cold-blooded robbery of the wretched Irish. Totally ignorant the bulk of them were and unable to read even the conditions printed on their tickets, they made the easiest of preys. And so we have people selling the home to squeeze out the last farthing for the few pounds to take them across the Atlantic and to some chosen spot inland in the States. And the purser would say that their tickets were valueless and that they must pay again. They sailed from Liverpool very often, and the tickets included bed and board ashore while the ship was waiting her tide. And then some other gallant officer would charge them for every mouthful that they took. And the catalogue of the general swindle might be extended for pages. If anyone wants the details, he can read pages and pages of them and to spare set out in cold print in the Reports of the English Parliamentary Commission that sat on the Irish Emigration scandals of the time. There was gross immorality, and the ships' officers looked upon the emigrated women as fair game.

It is not a chapter in shipping history to be proud of. And where England was bad, America was a great deal worse. Upon the British ships there was at least some pretence of check. Upon the United States boats away from their own ports and in English or Irish harbors there was no supervision of any sort. And the man who put paid to the whole sorry chapter was Mr. Vere Foster. For the young English Protestant gentleman took voyage after voyage in the steerage of those hell-ships. You can read his evidence set out in the Reports.

And after each voyage he would launch a series of prosecutions, and since he was not an illiterate Irishman but a highly educated Englishman with a purse long enough to fight from Court to Court, his prosecutions were successful and the ship that had carried him found that it had nursed a viper with a healthy sting. American emigrant shipping owes a good deal to this young Englishman. Though at the time it was anything but grateful for his help.

Irish Politics

ONE can scarcely think of Ireland without at the same time thinking of Politics, and though as a rule they are best kept out of the way in matters of the Church, one or two of my cards under this heading rather amuse me. Now Ireland, for instance, as every good history-book reader knows, is thoroughly Papist and thoroughly anti-English, the Romanist priests in fact whipping up their ignorant flocks into frantic frenzies of disloyalty.

This, I say, is the stock view as taught in the average English schoolbook. And then we come to the curiout little fact that the whole of the South of Ireland might before now have "gone French" had it not been for the "disloyal" Irish priests. In 1796 with the whole of Ireland ripe for revolt against the anti-Catholic English Government, a French Fleet suddenly appeared off Cork, and the people were preparing to welcome it with open arms. The Catholic Bishop Francis Moyland of Cork, however, at once issued a circular letter to be read in every Catholic Chapel (there were no pulpits) under his control, and in it he said that whatever their grievances the paramount civil duty of the population was Loyalty, and in point of fact that any Catholic taking up arms for the French against the English would be automatically excommunicated.

This interesting little point appears not in the school history books but in the Dictionary of National Biography, and it goes on to say that Cork presented Bishop Moyland with the Freedom of the City, "an honor very unusual for a Roman Catholic." My little note seems rather to destroy certain preconceived ideas of muddled History.

And in Canada

THE same thing happened in the case of Canada. It is customary to portray French-speaking and Catholic Canada as at least lukewarm in its loyalties to Great Britain, and invariably to add the implied rider that this state of feeling is carefully fostered by the Romanist priests. The real historical fact however is that if it had not been for the Catholic priests, Canada would not now be a part of the British Empire at all.

In 1812 when war broke out between England and the then young United States, Lower Canada would most emphatically have joined the U. S. A. side had it not been for the efforts of Bishop Plassis of Quebec, who ordered all his clergy to urge their parishes to remain loyal to the British Flag. Much the same thing indeed had happened even earlier, when in 1774 it had only been the passing of the "Quebec Act" which had saved Canada at all for England. The effect of this Act—which provoked intense resentment in England—was to permit liberty in Canada to "profess the religion of the Church of Rome," and it was passed in a hurry as the one step which could possibly

prevent the French-Canadians from uniting themselves with the revolting Colonies of what is now the United States of America.

On the occasions then of two important crises, then, it was Rome and nothing but Rome that kept Canada for England. But I have never seen the fact set down in any popular history-book. Malta of course was another case, only we have had that already.

In practically every popular book ever written, "Rome" is invariably portrayed as the Ally of Reaction against Popular Liberty, and to take one instance only and almost at random, there would be no State of Mexico today if it had not been for a priest. This was Father Hidalgo, a parish priest in Mexico who commenced the revolution against the Spanish Government.

A church bell he rang, and it was the signal for the rising. They call it the "Liberty Bell" and ring it every year on the anniversary of the day. And there are any number of similar cases. In 1647 it was a priest aged 80 who started Masaniello's revolution in Naples against the Spanish Vice-Roys, and so we could go on almost indefinitely. So far from the priests belonging to the "Forces of Reaction" they generally seem to have started the Revolution themselves. It is an odd little side-line in history. In England it was a cleric who made out the first commercial Treaty with the then almost unknown Russia. This was in 1558 and the cleric was the Bishop of Ely.

A Bit About Peru

Then I have a queer little oddment about Peru of all places. I took it from the Encyclopaedia Britannica of the issue only just superseded by the new one. Talking about the Anglican Church in Lima, it said that though technically illegal it was quite a flourishing concern and so forth. Illegality, it would seem then, is in the case of Roman Catholics something to be put down with a firm hand. When, however, it is the case of the Established Church breaking somebody else's law, it is a mere nothing. And anyone can check my tiny point in the nearest Public Library. But I never saw it mentioned before. Which is why I took the trouble to note it.

Continuing under "Politics," I have a quaint little note about Ecuador in South America. In 1870, of course, was the (temporary) Fall of Temporal Power, when Victor Emmanuel at the head of his "United Italy" troops entered Papal Rome, and in the January of 1871 I find President Moreno of Ecuador (later on they assassinated the man for it) solemnly breaking off diplomatic relations with the New Italy. "Feeble though his country might relatively be," he wrote, "and at an enormous distance from the theatre of events, Ecuador yet felt itself bound to protest with every means in its power against the Occupation of Rome."

Under 1885 I have under "Politics" the Papal Intervention between Germany and Spain. This was about the Caroline Islands in the Pacific, and the two Powers were unable to agree as to their Spheres of Influence. The dispute was amicably settled through the intervention of the Vatican, Cardinal Jacobini signing the Agreement arrived at together with the representatives of the two countries. And then of course the Vatican comes again in the Spanish-American War, on April 6, 1898, the Pope beginning the task of mediation between Spain and the United States.

And on a minor and humble scale I have a curious row in 1855 between Austria and Belgium. It was about the Church dell' Anima in Rome. It had been founded in 1400 or so by someone from the part of the Low Countries that afterwards turned into modern Belgium. And then Austria for some reason had taken control of it, and now Belgium wanted it back. And this business had all the makings of a pretty little quarrel, until the Vatican stepped in and offered to arbitrate and Cardinal Brunelli finally settled the matter peacefully.

Papal Peace Efforts

The Papal Peace Efforts of the late Great War are set out in the books, so I have not got them. And anyway, they were not successful. All that I have is an odd note or two about individual efforts made by the Pope in individual cases. So for instance in 1916 I have His Holiness arranging for a Christmas Dinner for all Christian soldiers of whatever nationality and whether Protestants or Catholics who were then prisoners-of-war in Turkey. The point of course may be too trifling to deserve notice, only it rather struck my particular interest.

And then I have the Pope's letters of 1914 both to Cardinal Von Hartmann of Germany and to Cardinal Mercier of Belgium in relation to the treatment of prisoners-of-war. By the way, another trifle. Did you know that stuck up in the place of honor in the "Belgenland," the great steamer of the *de luxe* tours, was the life-sized portrait of Cardinal Mercier? The ship was Antwerp's pride, and Belgium's Cardinal blessed it at its launch.

And then I have an oddment about the death of Louise de Bettignies in 1918. She was a very famous spy, who in spite of her occupation held much the same place in French affections as did Nurse Cavell in English sentiment. And when she was at last taken by the Germans, the French appealed to the Pope to intercede for her life. In point of fact, she was not shot, but died as a prisoner in a Convent in Cologne, with the Jesuit Father Cadow at her bedside. And this is the only case that I have got amongst all my cards of a genuine Convent Prisoner.

I should like to have collected quite a lot about the famous though fictitious Maria Monk, only unfortunately for me it has all been done before. After all, one can scarcely go on sticking pins into a bubble that isn't there.

Calling Catholics Names

What, on the other hand, I did once do was to try to collect a decentish index of all the unpleasant names that Catholics have been called. Only it got so long that the job became hopeless. Croppies in its way was rather a good word. About 1649 this term was applied by the English Cavalier party to their opponents in Oliver Cromwell's Roundhead Army, the point of course being that while the Cavaliers wore their hair romantically long, the more practical Puritans went in for a close cut.

Then by 1688, the date of the English Revolution, the term had entirely changed its meaning, and was now the Protestant term of opprobium for the Catholics of James the Second's party. And by 1798 we were calling the Irish Catholics "croppies," the point being their supposed sympathy with the short-haired French Revolutionaries. And to give the little jock more point, the English "cropped" a good many of the Irish. The process consisted in filling a metal basin with boiling tar and then clapping it upside down on the Irish head. When pulled off, it brought the hair with it—and of course very often a portion of the scalp as well.

Then under date of June 19, 1867, I

have rather a fruity phrase. It comes from a Mr. Murphy who was then being good enough to give some interesting Anti-Popery Lectures of the Maria Monk brand in Birmingham. In one of his little addresses he mentioned that "Every Popish priest was a murderer, a cannibal, a liar, and a pick-pocket," and he put his various charges in that very order. The result was a certain amount of feeling on the part of the Birmingham Catholics, and there was serious rioting and they had to have the police out with their cutlasses.

Many heads, one imagines, must have got broken. The English police, by the way, in those days would be wearing their high hats. Helmets were not allowed them; the idea was that they might have looked too military. The police wore top hats so as to seem sufficiently civilian. Only the inside of the top hats were lined with strips of steel, a point which we did not mention in the newspapers. It was almost literally a case of the Iron Head in the Velvet Hat. Only they must have looked rather funny with cutlasses as well. Mr. Murphy one rather imagines rightly or wrongly to have been a gentleman of comparatively little scholarly erudition. Otherwise it might have interested him to know that his "Cannibal" charge was a very old one indeed. The ancient Roman Emperors always set it down that the Early Christians were cannibals.

And then I have rather a good phrase from still another quarter, and this time it comes from no less a master of writing than Lord Macaulay. When his grandfather was young, he writes, "If an Englishman condescended to think of a Highlander at all, he thought of him only as a filthy abject savage, a slave, a Papist, a cut-throat, and a thief." Well, well, well. As I said before.

About Some Riots

Riots looked like making a promising little line for me, only here again there were too many of them. Montreal (when Gavazzi gave some anti-Popery lectures), New York, Australia, Belfast, of course, all over the world I got them, until they became too many to keep. So there is perhaps only one that I will trouble you with.

In May, 1868, anti-Catholic riots at Ashton in Lancashire and in the surrounding districts. And the Protestant mob breaks into St. Anne's, Burlington Street, Ashton-under-Lyne, wrecks the Church, and burns the Images of Our Lady and Saint Joseph. And later on, the Catholic trustees of the Church by what they think a lucky miracle actually got hold of a ringleader or two to be sued for damages. But when the case gets into Court, the Law sternly dismisses it. No Willful Felony, it says, has been proved. For who has taken or stolen the Images in question? All the proved "Intent" of the rioters had been to express disapproval of a certain form of worship. And one rather gets the impression that the mob really ought to have been rewarded by something out of the poor-box.

There is one more Lancashire card of mine of which I am a little proud. An address of 11th May, 1875, by the Reverend S. G. Potter, Doctor of Divinity, Vicar of Holiscroft near Sheffield, and speaking in the Corn Exchange, Manchester. "Yes, sir," said the Reverend Gentleman, "and I challenge an inspection of all their Cathedrals and Nunneries, and will show the ring-bolts, trap-doors, cells, torture-chambers, and all the terrible machinery for a Holocaust to the Demon of the Inquisition." That's us, you know, and our Cathedrals and trap-doors. And I thought the Demon of the Inquisition a very fine phrase indeed. Yes, sir.

Pulpit Utterances

I have more pulpit utterances too, only for a change let us have a few from the Catholic side. There is one about Pius the Ninth in 1847, the year after he became Pope. This was, of course, before the days when he was the Prisoner of the Vatican, and His Holiness was in the Roman Church of Santa Andrea della Valle. And there was a hitch. A famous preacher was to preach the sermon before the Pope, and the famous preacher did not arrive. Something had happened. And they all waited, and went on waiting. And then Pius the Ninth went into the pulpit and preached the sermon himself. This was the first case for three hundred years of a Pope preaching in an ordinary Roman Church.

Then in Oxford there was the famous St. Scholastica sermon which rather amused me. In 1354 there was a tremendous row in Oxford between the students and the townspeople. It was probably the origin of the organized Town and Gown riots of later days. Anyway, various students g t killed in the business, and the punishment settled for the Town was that on St. Scholastica's Day of every year, on February 10, the Mayor of Oxford should attend the University Church and listen to a sermon preached about the matter. One imagines that His Worship's face must have been worth the watching.

Then I have the Disputative Sermon still preached at Notre Dame Cathedral in Ajaccio in Corsica. In its way the thing is something of a curiosity. It takes two priests, one in the pulpit and one just in front of the congregation. And when the sermon gets to a point where ordinarily one might expect the average lay congregation to be feeling slightly bored and losing interest, Priest No. Two suddenly gets up and challenges the preacher to prove some point or other.

Here Goes

Then we have Father Mathew, the Irish "Apostle of Temperance." On April 10, 1838, was held the very first meeting of the Cork Total Abstinence Society. It was held in Father Mathew's school-house, and Father Mathew himself signed the very first Pledge. As he took the pen, "Here goes," he said, "in the Name of God." There is Father Bourdaloue and his Magdalene Sermon. The Father was a famous preacher at the French Court of Louis the Fourteenth, a King of notoriously evil life. And once before the King and his various Mistresses, ex-Mistresses, and Mistresses-to-be, Father Bourdaloue was preaching, and what he preached about was the Sin of Harlotry. A Jesuit he was, and one would have thought from the books that he would have had more tact. But he hadn't. In fact if we are to tell the truth, lots of these famous Court Preachers were not nearly so "courtly" as they appear in the novels.

There was the case of this very same King Louis. The greatest monarch in Europe he was, *Le Roi Soleil*, the man who once said, "The State, it is I." And when he died they asked Bishop Massillon to preach the funeral sermon. A very fine chance it was for the Bishop, who was one of the great Court Preachers, a Court Sermon on the Life and Death of the Great King. And then the Sermon began—"God alone is Great."

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The SIGN-POST

Questions & Answers

Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

BOOKS AND INDULGENCES

(1) May a Catholic give to a Protestant friend Papini's "Life of Christ," translated by Dorothy Fischer, a Protestant? (2) Can the indulgences of the Way of the Cross be gained by a group of people, provided one person moves from station to station and recites the prayers, to which the rest respond, while remaining in their places? (3) Are readers of books on the Index excommunicated?

METEGHAN, N. S. V.

(1) Certainly. Why not let non-Catholics know something of the Life of Our Lord.
(2) Yes.
(3) Yes, if they do so with contumacy.

STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Is it true that in making the Way of the Cross at each Station fifteen hundred souls are released from Purgatory? Also, when one has not much time, what do you consider the best way to gain the indulgences?

LAKE FOREST, ILL. M. D.

The indulgences of the Way of the Cross are applicable to the souls in Purgatory, but the extent of their application depends on the good pleasure of God. As far as we know, no revelation has ever been made as to the number of souls benefitted. Must confess that we never heard about this fifteen hundred business.

The best way to make the Stations at all times is to think a while on what each Station represents. This can be longer or shorter according to one's convenience.

CAN PRIESTS FORGIVE SINS?

I have a friend who contends that Catholic priests have not got the power from God to forgive sins. Is there any book published on this question which I can give him to read?

N. N.

You might have remembered a few of the proofs which have been given for the absolving power of the Catholic priesthood—proofs which are to be found in every Catholic cathechism, and which have been given from every Catholic pulpit for the instruction of the faithful. The simplest proof is the plain words of Christ, Who conferred on the Apostles and their successors the explicit power to forgive sins: "Receive the Holy Ghost; Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained" (John 20:22, 23). This marvelous grant of power has been used and believed in by the Church for about 2,000 years. It must, therefore, be true.

You will find "The Sacrament of Penance" in The Treasury of the Faith Series, Macmillan Company (price 65 cents), and "Confession of Sins a Divine Institution," Paulist Press (price 5 cents), very helpful.

CATHOLIC STAMP

A South American country issues a postage stamp with the figure of Christ of the Andes on it. Could you tell me something about the origin of this stamp and which country issues it?

NEWBURGH, N. Y. M. O.

The collosal statue of Christ of the Andes stands on the mountain border separating Argentine and Chile. It was erected there with appropriate religious ceremonies on March 13, 1904, in order to cement peace between the two countries. The stamp bearing the figure of the Christ of the Andes is issued by Chile.

FINDING THINGS

(1) A bought some property from B, not knowing of a hidden amount of money or other valuables, which he later finds on the property. These articles have apparently been buried for some time; that is before B owned the property. What should A do? (2) What should A do in case he finds oil on the property? (3) Suppose that A had a SUSPICION *that oil might be found when he bought the property from B very cheaply? (4) A tenant on land finds oil and valuables. Does he or the owner of the land have possession of the find? (5) A man finds a small article of value on a railroad track, which is not part of any train equipment. He cannot find the owner. Does he or the railroad company become the rightful owner?*

DUBUQUE, IOWA. T. W.

(1) It depends on whether or not the valuables found are to be considered as *res derelictae* or *res amissae;* that is, whether or not they are things which at one time had an owner, but now are to be considered as not having any, because they have been placed there so long a time that the owner is no longer remembered and cannot be traced; or goods which have been recently lost. If the valuables fall under the first class they are to be regarded as no longer having an owner, and become the property of the first one who takes possession of them; if under the second class, they belong to the one who lost them. The finder in this latter case would be obliged to take reasonable pains to locate the owner.

(2) Oil is considered to be part of landed property, and, therefore, it belongs to A, since he has become possessor of the land.

(3) In the supposition that A obtained this suspicion without using unjust means, such as previous investigation on another's property, he cannot be accused of deceit when buying the land from B cheaply. If he discovers oil it belongs to him as owner.

(4) There are two kinds of goods found, valuables and oil. The disposition of the valuable is to be determined by the principles given above under (1). In regard to the finding of oil, the law of Nature determines that the find belongs to the owner of the property, since things fructify to the benefit of the owner. But one would have to know

the terms of the lease and the positive laws of the State in order to give a solution. Certainly the finder is entitled to some reward.

(5) The article is a *res amissa*, and efforts proportionate to the value of the article should be made by the finder in order to locate the owner. This can be done by notifying the Lost and Found Department of the railroad. If the owner does not apply for the lost article within the prescribed time, the finder can begin to take possession of it.

CELEBRANT OF MASS: POVERTY

(1) Is a Mass said by a bishop of more value than one said by a priest? Likewise is a Mass said by a cardinal more potent or worthy than one said by a bishop? (2) If it is sinful for a woman to sell her virtue, why is it permissible to sell the Mass, which is infinitely holier? (3) On what moral grounds can a church dignitary, who was born poor, but who through ability or chance accumulates considerable wealth, justify his lauding the material poverty of Christ as an ideal? Is not poverty as an ideal un-American, assuming that the United States is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people?

NEW YORK, N. Y. E. O'S.

(1) The Mass is essentially of infinite value, no matter by what legitimate minister it is offered, for Mass is the unbloody renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross, Christ offering Himself anew by the hands of His priest. But there are accidental degrees of merit accruing to the Mass when the celebrant is more closely united to God by charity. Thus, a Mass offered by a saintly priest may be in this accidental sense more acceptable to God than one offered even by a cardinal.

(2) The merits of the Mass are never sold. A stipend is a material offering made to a priest for the material things needed in the celebration of the Mass, and also for his temporal support. This is founded on the principle laid down by St. Paul, that "those who serve the altar shall live by the altar."

(3) Christ never declared that *actual* poverty was a condition of discipleship. To those, however, who wished to attain a higher degree of conformity to Himself he counselled, not commanded, the abdication of temporal possessions, as we see in the case of the young ruler. What our Lord did prescribe for all was *poverty of spirit*, which inclines a man not to set his heart on riches: "If thou hast riches set not thy heart on them." It is the *love* of riches, not the *possession* of them, which makes it difficult, if not impossible, for those with wealth to save their souls, as Christ revealed in the case of the rich glutton.

The love of wealth creates a sense of power and self-sufficiency which draws away the heart from God, for "the love of money is the root of all evil." One in this condition is liable to say in his heart: "Who is the Lord that I should serve Him?"

Christ was not only poor in spirit, but also materially or actually poor. His poverty of spirit all must imitate towards which end the remembrance of His actual poverty powerfully conduces.

A man, whether clergyman or layman, may laud the poverty of Christ, both of spirit and deed, while at the same time he endeavors to become rich beyond due measure, just as a man may praise virtue without practising it. It is the ages old condition of human nature to praise the better and follow the worse.

These remarks answer your question in regard to actual poverty in the United States. Since Christ enjoined only poverty of spirit upon all, it follows that each one may and should labor for enough of the goods of this world that he may thereby support himself and those dependent upon him in that comfort which becomes himself as a citizen and a Christian. Actual poverty in the majority of cases is an occasion of evil rather than of good. Never fear that acting in conformity with the principles of Christ will jeopardize the welfare of a government of the people, etc. On the contrary, it is the *immoderate* desire for riches, to be obtained with the least expenditure of effort, which is prejudicial to the welfare of this, as well as of every other land.

STERILITY NO IMPEDIMENT

Would it be sinful for two people of advanced age to marry, when they are fully aware that it is impossible for them to have children?

BOSTON, MASS. N. N.

This question was answered at some length in the January issue of THE SIGN, page 350. We repeat that natural sterility neither prohibits nor dissolves marriage. Such is the constant teaching of the Church. Therefore those who are of advanced age may marry and exercise matrimonial rights in the same way as others. Moreover, in many cases sterility is not absolutely certain.

AUGUSTINIANS: LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

Will you please tell me something about the Augustinian Fathers and Our Lady of Good Counsel?

DORCHESTER, MASS. R. V. M.

The Hermits of St. Augustin, commonly known as Augustinian Fathers, are a religious Order formed by the union of several monastic societies following the Rule of St. Augustin. They were united in 1256 through the efforts of Pope Alexander IV. The Order has undergone several reforms. During the Reformation and the French Revolution it lost many houses and members. The work of the Order includes the care of souls, missions, and education. There are 18 provinces and about 400 houses of the Order. The mother-house of the Order in the United States is located at Villanova, Pa., where the Fathers conduct a seminary and college.

Our Lady of Good Counsel is the title given to the miraculous picture of the Madonna of Genazzano. A great devotion arose among the faithful on account of the legend that the picture of the Madonna of Genazzano was miraculously transported from Albania into Italy, accompanying across the Adriatic two Christians who fled from the Mussulman invasion. Because the miraculous picture of the Madonna is said to have rested in the Augustinian church of Genazzano the Augustinian Fathers have always had a great devotion to the Mother of God under the above title. A feast in honor of this event was instituted by Pope Benedict XIII in 1727, and Pope Leo XIII later added the title Mother of Good Counsel to the Litany of Loreto.

INSTANCE OF MARRIAGE BY PROXY

In the March issue of THE SIGN *you stated that marriage is allowed to take place by proxy. But for this kind of marriage you stated that a just cause must be present. Will you kindly give me an example of a just cause?*

BOSTON, MASS. J. C. M.

Marriage by proxy is an extraordinary manner of contracting marriage, but it is one permitted by Canon Law. The necessity of having a just cause to allow marriage by proxy is because of the nature of such a contract.

An instance of a just cause might be the following: A young man engaged to a girl in Europe comes to this country and is now making a good living. He desires his spouse to come here and be married. Her parents refuse to allow her to depart unless he marries her. He cannot afford either the money or the time to go to Europe. So he arranges for a marriage by proxy with the girl while she is still in Europe. She enters this country, not as his betrothed, but as his wife.

THREE SAINTS

(1) *Will you please tell me something about the lives of St. Vincent de Paul and Blessed Perboyne?*

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. F. F. L.

(2) *Please give me a short sketch of the life of St. Stephen, the first martyr.*

BOSTON, MASS. S. K.

(1) St. Vincent de Paul was born in Gascony, France, in 1580, of a peasant family. He became a priest in 1600, and five years later, when returning by sea from Marseilles, was captured by the Turks and sold as a slave in Tunis. In 1607 he escaped, and after a short stay in Rome, returned to France to become almoner to Queen Marguerite of Valois. He soon became conspicuous for his love of the poor, and especially for the convicts condemned to the galleys. His apostolic and charitable labors were made permanent by his founding in 1625 of the Congregation of the Priests of the Missions, commonly known as Vincentian Fathers, and also of The Daughters of Charity. His life was the inspiration of Frederic Ozanam, who instituted the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for the relief of the poor. St. Vincent died in Paris in 1660, was beatified by Pope Benedict XIII in 1729, and canonized by Pope Clement XII on June 16th, 1737.

Blessed John Gabriel Perboyne was born in France in 1802. He became a Vincentian priest and in 1835 went to the Chinese mission. The Christians of that country had been subjected to severe trials, and Blessed Perboyne devoted himself to their spiritual and temporal welfare like another St. Vincent de Paul. The mandarins grew to hate and fear him because of his influence with the people. On September 11th, 1840, they had him strangled to death, after having had inflicted on him most cruel tortures. His beautiful character and heroic virtues had won for him the glorious crown of martyrdom.

(2) The sixth and seventh chapters of The Acts of the Apostles tell us practically all we know of St. Stephen. It is presumed that he was a Jew. In 33 A. D., he was appointed one of the first deacons, because he was a man "of good reputation, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." So fearlessly did he preach the Gospel that he incurred the bitter enmity of the Jews, who stoned him to death as a blasphemer. He was consoled in his sufferings by a vision of Christ, and with a prayer for his enemies "fell asleep in the Lord."

INDULGENCES OF SEVEN DOLOR BEADS

Are there any special indulgences attached to the recitation of the Beads of the Seven Dolors?

DORCHESTER, MASS. H. D.

Yes. You will find them in the Raccolta, page 230; and in THE SIGN for March, 1930, page 607.

POPES AND ILLEGITIMATE CHILDREN

(1) *Is it true that Pope Innocent VIII had eight sons and eight daughters?* (2) *Is it true that Rodrigo Borgia died by a miscarriage of his own plans to poison a certain guest?* (*There is no doubt but that you know that Rodrigo Borgia was also known as Pope Alexander VI.*) (3) *Is there not some Catholic rule or law which forbids persons born out of wedlock to enter the service of the Church? If so, how account for Caesar Borgia, Pope Alexander's illegitimate son, being made a cardinal?*

BROOKLYN, N. Y. L. J. S.

(1) No. At most he had two illegitimate children, who were born before ever he became a priest.

(2) This is one of hoary, but popular, calumies about Alexander VI. There is no proof of it. Even Voltaire said that he did not believe it. According to reliable and unprejudiced historians Alexander died of the Roman fever, which caused his body to take on the appearance of one who had taken poison.

(3) The law of the Church forbids illegitimate children from becoming high dignitaries, such as generals of religious order, bishops, and cardinals. Since it is a law enacted by the Church, it can therefore be dispensed in individual cases. The natural favor with which Alexander VI looked upon his own children made it all too easy for him to advance them.

PRECOCIOUS YOUNGSTER: POWER TO MERIT

(1) *My young brother frequently asks me this question. If God knows all things, past, present, and future, does this mean that whatever is going to happen is already planned for us to do? We have free will, yet God knows what we shall do before we do it. I can't answer him.* (2) *We are taught that it is necessary to be in the state of grace in order to gain an indulgence. Now, if a person should fall into mortal sin is it useless for him to say prayers and do good works, or is it necessary for him to go to confession before he can merit in the sight of God?*

MARLBORO, MASS. • M. L.

(1) Your brother has hit upon one of the greatest mysteries of religion. No mortal man can fully understand how God's foreknowledge can be reconciled with the future free actions of men. Because we do not comprehend how God knows what we shall do before we do it, and at the same time how it is that we shall do it freely is no reason why we should doubt that both are true. God is so great and wonderful that everything about Him is full of mystery. If there were no mysteries to believe where would be the merit of faith? We must recognize that we have many limitations, and the part of wisdom is to admit this fact, and not imitate the effrontery of men like Darrow, who would bring God down to the level of their picayune intelligence. A pint bottle never growls because it cannot hold a quart. In comparison of God our minds are like a pint bottle. Nevertheless, we can say with truth that God knows beforehand what our future free actions will be *because we shall do them;* we do not do them *because He knows them.*

(2) It is necessary to be in the state of grace, at least when the last work necessary to be done for gaining an indulgence is performed. How can we expect extra favors from God if we are not His friends by grace? However, it still is profitable for us to pray and do good works even though in the state of mortal sin, for by these means God Himself inspires us to regain that state of friendship which we, through our own fault, have lost. The good that we do in such a state is not meritorious of eternal life, but through God's mercy we are brought again to that state where we can gain supernatural merit. It is not necessary to wait until we make a good confession in order to regain the friendship of God. A perfect act of contrition will obtain pardon of our sins. But, of course, mortal sins must be told when we go to confession afterwards.

BOOKS OF BIBLE: WAR NURSE: NOVENA

(1) *How many, and what are, the books of the Catholic Bible?* (2) *Why did a Catholic priest condemn the film War Nurse?* (3) *If one does not say the prayers of a novena before midnight must he start the whole novena over again?*

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y. W. M.

(1) *Old Testament:* Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Josue, Judges, Ruth, 1 Kings, 2 Kings, 3 Kings, 4 Kings, 1 Paralipomenon, 2 Paralipomenon, 1 Esdras, 2 Esdras, Tobias, Judith, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Canticle of Canticles, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Isaias, Jeremias, Lamentations, Baruch, Ezechiel, Daniel, Osee, Joel, Amos, Abdias, Jonas, Micheas, Nahum, Habacuc, Sophonias, Aggeus, Zacarias, Malachias, 1 Machabees, 2 Machabees. *New Testament:* Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts of the Apostles, Romans, 1 Corinthians, 2 Cor-

inthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, 1 Thessalonians, 2 Thessalonians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews, St. James, 1 Peter, 2 Peter, 1 John, 2 John, 3 John, Jude, Apocalypse.

(2) We do not know, but we presume that if a priest condemned it he must have had reason. There are very few films which are not deserving of censure.

(3) If the condition for making a novena is, as we suppose, the recitation of a certain prayer for nine consecutive days, it would seem that if one day elapses before the prayer is said the continuity is broken, and the novena would have to be begun again.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH

My brother heard mysterious footsteps in the house early one morning. Later all of us heard a mysterious bell. On the way to the depot my brother was killed in an auto which I was driving. I was hurt by flying glass. Was that a warning from God, or was such an accident his destiny? If so, are we all born and destined to die of such and such a death?

MT. VERNON, N. Y. F. C.

It is difficult to say whether the footsteps and the bell were preternatural in character or not. Accidents are happening every day, just as they have happened in the past, and will continue to happen in the future. With the multiplication of machines the danger of accidental deaths increases. No man knows what kind of death he will die beforehand. We are obliged to take all reasonable means to conserve our life, but death is inevitable anyway, and whether we shall die in this manner or in that should not concern us, provided we do not take our own life, and we are prepared to die. God, of course, knows beforehand the particular kind of death which we shall die, but that kind of death does not happen because of His knowledge; rather He foresees it because it will happen through the operation of causes external to Him.

MARRIED PRIESTS

In Father Conway's Question Box it says: "Second marriages are forbidden to priests. . . . Nestorians alone allow priests and deacons to marry after ordination." Does this means that Catholic priests are still allowed to marry in some parts of the world?

BROOKLINE, MASS. H. F.

Yes. As is evident from the context Father Conway is speaking of the Greek Churches. In both Catholic and Orthodox Churches there are married clergy. But in most of them second marriages are forbidden, the Nestorians (schismatics) being an exception.

JESUS' BROTHERS AND SISTERS!

Did our Saviour have brothers and sisters? If not, what does the Bible mean when it says: "is this not the carpenter's son? Is not His mother called Mary, and His brethren James and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And His sisters, are they not all with us?" (*Matt.* 13:55, 56).

LINTHICUM, MD. D. D.
MT. VERNON, N. Y. B. S.

The words "brethren" and "sisters" in this text are used in a Jewish sense, and are not to be understood according to our manner of speech. In the Bible these terms often have a wider application than is usual with us, (though even today clergymen address their congregations as "dear brethren," when they are not related to them at all). It seems that there was no term in Hebrew and Aramaic to designate cousins, and for this reason the terms "brethren" and "sisters" were used to describe various degrees of kindred. Thus, in the Old Testament Abraham (Abram) and Lot were described as brethren (Gen. 11:27-13:8), though we know that they were uncle and nephew. The brothers and sisters of Jesus, therefore, were His cousins—children of the Blessed Virgin's sister probably.

That Jesus had no brothers and sisters in the strict sense follows from the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin, His human mother, which was implicitly believed from the beginning of Christianity. This implicit belief was made an article of Faith by the Fifth General Council of Constantinople in 553 A. D., and later on by the Lateran Council in 640 A. D.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

G. M., SCRANTON, PA. M. A. B., JAMAICA PLAIN, MASS. B. O., AVOCA, PA. B. McD., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. E. A., DORCHESTER, MASS. E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y. E. D., SPRINGFIELD, O. H. J. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J. E. McC., NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS. C. T. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please publish my thanks for a great favor received through the intercession of Rev. Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P., one of the three Passionist Fathers who were killed by bandits some time ago. It may be of interest to you to know that I know of many cases of help received through this martyr's intercession.

BROOKLINE, MASS. A. T. A.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

A. S., CHICAGO, ILL. G. L., CHARLESTOWN, MASS. T. M., PHILADELPHIA, PA. J. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y. T. J. M., LOUISVILLE, KY. K. Q., DETROIT, MICH. M. M. H., EAST ORANGE, N. J. K. T. M., DORCHESTER, MASS. L. B., LOUISVILLE, KY. C. A. P., OAK PARK, ILL. M. F. M., LOWELL, MASS. R. H. M., BUFFALO, N. Y. J. J. S., TRENTON, N. J. K. V. F., NEW YORK, N. Y. F. D., SHIVELY, KY. J. A. G., TRUDEAU, N. Y. M. C., WOODSIDE, N. Y. M. McC., SALEM, MASS. M. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y. SR. M. L., PITTSBURG, PA. M. M., McKEESPORT, PA. C. R., PROVIDENCE, R. I. A. M. O'C., CARNEGIE, PA. C. A. B., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J. M. S., LYNN, MASS. M. C. G., MORGANTOWN, W. VA. M. E. S., SPRINGFIELD GARDENS, N. Y. H. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. J. O'N., NEW YORK, N. Y. C. A. M., READING, O. A. M. S., SEA GATE, N. Y. R. K. D., STREET, MD. K. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y. P. O'M., BROOKLYN, N. Y. M. E. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y. F. S., DELAIR, N. J. M. S., NEW YORK, M. R., PAWTUCKET, R. I. M. J. S., NEW YORK, N. Y. A. K., N. Y. M. K., NEW YORK, N. Y. A. S. S., LOS ANGELES, CAL. SALEM, MASS. A. M., NEWBURYPORT, MASS. K. H., BRADDOCK, PA. M. R., PORTSMOUTH, O. J. O., BROOKLYN, N. Y. J. G., HAMILTON, O. C. F., PITTSBURG, PA. C. L. C., BOSTON, MASS. H. T. H., BRIGHTON, MASS. SR. M. A., JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y. W. P., W. SOMERVILLE, MASS. M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL. M. A. P., ELIZABETH, N. J. M. C., AURORA, ILL. K. B., ARNOTT, WIS. B. McM., AUBURN, N. Y. T. W., NEWARK, N. J. C. B. H., WHEELING, W. VA. D. M., COVINGTON, KY. H. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS. J. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y. E. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J. L. L., ALLSTON, MASS. A. M., DORCHESTER, MASS. E. M. B., WILMINGTON, MASS. L. M. McK., KENSINGTON, CONN. H. M., MALDEN, MASS. E. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for $1.00.

Communications

JOSEPHINE VOWS—A CORRECTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the January, 1931, issue of THE SIGN some one from Lynn, Mass., asked: "Do the Sisters of St. Joseph make yearly vows?" The question was simply answered: "Yes."

After two years novitiate the Sisters make their first vows, which are annual for three years. At the end of that time perpetual vows are taken. All professed Sisters are living under perpetual vows.

BOSTON, MASS. SISTER THEONILLA.

A CROSS NEAR THE MOON

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reply to the inquiry of D. S., Astoria, N. Y., in the March issue of THE SIGN, it may be interesting to the inquirer to know that such a cross was seen on Good Friday morning, April 11, 1894, by the writer.

A group of telegraph operators employed at night called my attention to it, and among them were Catholics and non-Catholics. Never have I seen such brightness in the light of the moon as on that morning. The moon itself was in the center of the arms of the cross, exactly where the blessed head of our Lord rested. The cross was shaped in the same way as any crucifix. The cross was seen from Newburyport, and Worcester, Mass., and Buffalo, N. Y.

MEDFORD HILLSIDE, MASS. JOHN A. MOLLOY.

CONCERNING ARCHBISHOP DONNET

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A certain question which appeared in your issue of November last gave me an impulse to write. The question no doubt was correctly answered in *The Chicago Herald and Examiner* of last November. It concerns the death and supposedly miraculous revival of Cardinal Archbishop Donnet, a former member of the French Senate. As the Chicago paper states, he was not dead, but in a trance.

I am submitting herewith the exact statement of *The Herald and Examiner,* but also ask your opinion as to whether or not this account is a fact. Also please tell me of what church he was a member.

[Inclosure]

Cardinal Archbishop Donnet, a former member of the French Senate, is another prominent cleric who was nearly buried alive. He was preaching one day in church when he suddenly lost the power of speech and sank to the floor. A doctor examined him and pronounced him dead. He declared afterward that he was conscious of being measured for his coffin and of the priests at his bedside reciting the "De Profundis." At last he heard the voice of a friend whom he had known from boyhood and with a superhuman effort was able to cry out. The Cardinal told this story himself in the French Senate forty years later when agitating for a revision of the French burial laws.

EVANSVILLE, IND. JOHN MAURER, JR.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Cardinal Donnet was Archbishop of Bordeaux from 1837 to 1882. He was, of course, a Catholic. We have not been able to obtain any further information regarding this newspaper account.

THE LITTLE FLOWER—A PROTEST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was angry when I read that question about The Little Flower, which appeared in the January issue. Imagine a teacher in a public high school spreading a tale to the effect that St. Therese once wrote a bad book and was put in jail for it! I do not think it wisdom to spread such foolishness. Can any true lover of The Little Flower tolerate it? I, too, would like to make a scoop of this bit of news. And I would suggest putting that teacher who made such a remark, not in jail, but in a zoo.

LOWELL, MASS. M. L. D.

ATTENTION, MR. JOHN GIBBONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It seems to me that your somewhat discursive, but always interesting, contributor, Mr. John Gibbons, got several of his index cards mixed up in the March issue of THE SIGN. He says, in speaking of education for the deaf, "So we have . . . in 1712 and 1740 Father de l'Epée and Father Sicard, two French priests, evolving the modern system of teaching." A little further on he speaks of "the birth in 1712 of Charles Michael de le Pére, who invented a sign alphabet, and then at his own cost started a school with two Sisters attached to it. Now he is not part of history, because his alphabet was not too successful and has long been superceded by better methods."

It happens that I recently looked up this whole matter rather thoroughly, and I never came across a "Charles Michael de le Pére." Several coincidences in Mr. Gibbons' article lead me to think that "de l'Epée" and "de le Pére" are the same person. There is, first, the coincidence of dates, both men being born in 1712. Then there is the similarity in names, the great clerical benefactor of the deaf signing himself "Abbé Charles-Michel de l'Epée." The latter began his activities not with "two Sisters," but with two sisters, two deaf and dumb girls residing in Paris, whom he proposed to educate. He devoted all his time and money to the task he had set himself. He did not invent the *manual* alphabet (*sign* alphabet is really a misnomer), the "New Catholic Dictionary" to the contrary notwithstanding. Much less did this unheard of "de le Pére" do any such thing: manual alphabets had been known and used long before he was born.

However, de l'Epée is very much a "part of history." Last year a memorial was dedicated to him at Buffalo, N. Y., by the National Association for the Deaf. His title to fame is that he founded *public* instruction for the deaf, and that by a combination of mimetic and conventional signs, he developed the minds of his pupils, thereby proving to the world that deaf-mutes could be educated quite as well as others not similarly handicapped.

The above facts are based mainly on various passages in the "American Annals for the Deaf" and in Arnold's "On the Education of the Deaf."

BUFFALO (REV.) EDWARD S. SCHWEGLER.

FORTUNE TELLERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have just read your answer to our good Boston Catholics about Fortune Tellers. Now I come to ask why, oh why, are fortune tellers allowed at bazaars in various Catholic parishes and Catholic affairs. Please do not tell me that it is for amusement, and that the people do not believe in it, and that the one telling the fortunes is doing it for charity. I was not born yesterday, and I can say that they *absolutely believe* what they are told. You will see the Fortune Teller booth better patronized than any other. I have seen the fortune tellers at these affairs get mighty angry when you joked or made light of anything they told you.

NEW YORK, N. Y. H. M. J.

TERESA NEUMANN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Was very much impressed with the article in your March number, by Rev. Aloysius McDonough, C.P., concerning the German peasant girl, Teresa Neumann, entitled "Sacred Passion in Human Flesh."

From the best information I obtain, I understand that a parallel case similar to the one quoted in your March number, exists in the city of Springfield, Mass., with the exception that it involves a cloistered nun, who is located within convent walls in the above mentioned city.

If interested, no doubt the Bishop of the Springfield Diocese may possibly be in a position to give you full details concerning this extraordinary occurrence.

DEDHAM, MASS. C. W. LEAVITT.

TO J. C. K., WHEELING, W. VA.: Regarding your kinship with the family of Teresa Neumann, we recommend you communicate—preferably in the German language—with Herr Neumann (*Schneider,* Tailor), Konnersreuth, Bavaria, Germany.

To M. O'C., NEW YORK CITY: "Teresa Neumann: A Stigmatist of Our Day." By Friedrich Ritter von Lama. Translated into English by Albert Paul Schimberg, with Foreword by Bishop Schremb of Cleveland. Published by THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co. and available at any Catholic Book Store or through THE SIGN. Price $1.50.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I was greatly thrilled when I came across the story of Teresa Neumann, as I was with Father R and Father A, and I can assure you it is the truest story ever written. Please send me a dozen more copies of the March issue of THE SIGN.

When our tour of one hundred and thirty pilgrims were in Rome, we were entertained by Cardinal Laurenti; he asked me how I was impressed by Teresa Neumann. I told him that nothing could approach the Passion of Our Lord as did the "Passion" of Teresa Neumann.

The fervor of those two Passionist priests who acted as my "Guardian Angels" is something you do not see every day. God bless them! I was told by another priest that the week I was at Konnersreuth, Teresa had *two* days of suffering: she volunteered to take on herself the sufferings of someone who was dying in the neighborhood: after the person's death, she told her pastor that she herself had witnessed that soul entering Heaven that very morning.

CHICAGO, ILL. MARY COYNE.

To R. J., PHILADELPHIA, AND OTHERS: To see Teresa Neumann it is absolutely necessary to have the written permission of the Bishop of Regensburg.

IRISH CATHEDRALS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As this is the first communication written by me to your office, I might be inclined to make a few preliminary remarks about the beauty and utility of THE SIGN, but realizing, however, that there are others who are more competent to do this—perhaps have done it—I rather refrain. May I nevertheless assure you in my own simple way that I enjoy the contents of the magazine from across the river.

After reading the interesting, albeit all too brief article on PUGIN in the April issue, I was seized with a succession of what might be classified as "thoughts, architectural and otherwise." Pugin, as the essay said, designed many fine churches in England and Ireland—the latter my native land; but I could not fail to note the omission from the list of at least two very remarkable monuments to his genius, namely, the cathedral of Enniscorthy and a parish church in Cork.

It is a sad fact that there are so many fine ornaments in Ireland, essentially Catholic in their origin and history, which are entirely unknown to the outside world. Next year, however, is to be Ireland's year, and what she has to show must be seen then by all who will have the happiness of visiting her shores in connection with the Eucharistic Congress.

In reference to this Congress the thought came to me that there are at least three notable buildings there that should be brought to the attention of the general public prior to the time of this Congress. The first is the Marlboro St. Cathedral in Dublin where, according to present plans, the great event will formally open. No doubt it will be the venue for many other notable gatherings. The cathedral (more commonly pro-cathedral) is Dublin's downtown church and is loved by all the citizens, but outside of that city who knows anything about it? It is not so large and magnificent as many would expect it to be, but it is an example of well appointed architecture and one of the most historical churches in the city, being a strong link to Penal days.

All American tourists landing at Queenstown (Cobh) will be struck by the beauty of St. Colman's Cathedral rising from the cliff over the sea with its spire 300 feet in the air. I fear, however, that few of them will know anything about its history or architecture—and yet it represents the climax of Gothic art not only in Ireland, but in the world for the past half century. The third cathedral is the National cathedral of Armagh which antedates Cobh, but is of far greater significance to the Irish race. It is the cathedral of sacrifice, and officially represents the aspirations of our people towards the God Who has given them such strong faith. No visitor could consider his trip through Erin complete without climbing the eighty steps to Armagh's famed shrine, there to revel in the superb architecture so carefully fostered by the Catholic Church.

NEW YORK, N. Y. JAMES F. JOHNSON.

JUSTICE HOLMES AND CANON SHEEHAN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The recent broadcast by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday recalled to mind the friendship which existed between him and Canon Sheehan. The biography of the latter relates how eagerly Father Sheehan looked forward to the visits of Justice Holmes and that they corresponded quite regularly.

It may or may not have been a coincidence, but the closing words of Justice Holmes' message, "Death plucking his ear says, 'Live, I am coming,'" may be found in Canon Sheehan's "Under the Cedars and Stars," page 82.

I was introduced to this splendid volume of essays through your magazine, and I should like to urge every lover of literature to buy a copy and read and reread it.

BROCKTON, MASS. N. F. LUCEY.

HEINRICH FEDERER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

THE SIGN, March, 1931. Review "In Emmet's Day," by Heinrich Federer. Translated from the German.

I did not read this little story, but I know a great deal about Federer's books. He does not come from Germany; he was born and raised in the German speaking part of Switzerland. His mother was a convert to the Faith and had to suffer for her religion. He belonged to the Catholic priesthood and died about two years ago.

Federer was a dreamer, an idealist; he loved nature, because he was born in the midst of the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland; he loved his fellowmen, both good and bad, because he understood them. It seems that our modern world with its hardships and unsteadiness needed an author who looked upon it with idealistic, forgiving eyes. Federer is appreciated in Germany as well as in Switzerland and honored by both Catholics and Protestants. A reader who really understands him will love him.

DENVER, COLORADO. J. H. RUDZ.

THE ROAD TO SODOM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am enclosing an address which I recently made in the Assembly against a proposed liberalization of the New York Divorce Law. The reason I am sending you this copy is that the major part of it is taken from your magazine.

NEW YORK. JOHN O'ROURKE.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. O'Rourke is a member of the New York Legislature. The article from which he quoted "wide and long" is "The Road to Sodom" by Frank H. Spearman. The article is now reprinted in pamphlet form and may be had from THE SIGN. Single copy, 10c.

Give This Man Place

Chapters on the Life and Character of St. Joseph

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

XXIII. A Happy Man

WE read much in spiritual writings of the sufferings of St. Joseph. Seven sorrows of his are counted: His inability to find a fitting shelter on Christmas night; his witnessing the sufferings of the Babe of Bethlehem during the Circumcision; Simeon's prophecy of sorrow to his beloved spouse; the Flight into Egypt; his fear of Archelaus on the return from Egypt; and the Loss of the Holy Child in Jerusalem. Now would it be too much to follow some holy souls in believing that Joseph had a prophetic knowledge of the Passion of Jesus—not a difficult matter since he knew the Scriptures so well—and from meditating upon that coming event suffered every day of his life. Add to these, mental, spiritual sufferings the physical ones, the poverty, the unending toil, the hardships of exile, and it is but just to call Joseph the Father of Sorrows as Mary was the Mother of Sorrows: *Pater Dolorosus, Mater Dolorosa.*

But it would be a great mistake to stop there, to view only that side of the picture. Sorrows do not necessarily preclude happiness. And to my mind Joseph was the happiest man that ever lived.

Nor does this happiness confine itself to the seven corresponding joys which spiritual writers discover in his life. The seven joys are: The assurance given to him by the Angel that Mary was innocent and that she had conceived miraculously; the adoration of the shepherds; the conferring of the Name Jesus; the adoration of the Magi; the pronouncement of Simeon that the Child would be "the resurrection of many in Israel"; the message of the Angel bidding him return out of Egypt; and the finding of Jesus in the Temple.

Joys, indeed! But they were but little dancing candle-gleams in the calm, blazing sunlight of happiness that enveloped him all his days, the glory of the daily presence of Jesus and Mary. Love was the sunshine in which he rested, as in the ravishment of the Beatific Vision.

Say Love, and the world thinks it knows all about it. Literature has its favorite love-stories, the rapt souls of two that have come from the confines of eternity to meet and never again be separated; the Romeos and Juliets who came to see naught else in life but each other. There is hope for a world that thrills to a story of great love.

But the greatest love story in the world, which the world somehow seems to regard as prosy, is that of Mary and Joseph. Isaac and Rebecca—"he loved her so much," says Holy Writ; Jacob and Rachel—"So Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed but a few days, because of the greatness of his love." Great lovers, indeed; but they were only mere figures of the love of Joseph and Mary.

In the eye of Joseph, who was Mary? A beautiful girl, the perfection of womanhood, eternally fresh and fair from the hands of God. She was the masterpiece of God. Imagine all the beautiful characteristics of the human body and the human soul, and you will fall far short of visioning the Lily of Israel. This is not mere poetry. It is the solemn fact of knowing what God elected to do in creating "our tainted nature's solitary boast." There were unplumbed depths of beauty to Mary's soul; and to Joseph's amazement this Queen of all loveliness was given to him. He was unworthy of it, of course. But the conviction of that increased his admiration and his love. The blessed among all women to be his wife!

Sometimes we try to imagine what it will be like to open our eyes on the vision of Mary as did the little Bernadette at Lourdes. Even in our blindness we thrill at the imagination of that vision. Yet day by day that glory dawned on Joseph; day by day he listened to her voice; day by day he knew that she loved him. For Mary did love Joseph. Their marriage was not a mock marriage. A virgin marriage, in truth, but virginity never meant the elimination of love. Heart speaks to heart, as with David and Jonathan. Mary knew what manner of man Joseph was. God could give her only the best, a rugged, manly man, great in body, but greater in soul, a man who toiled for her, watched over her with the strength and gentleness, his every thought to prove to her his love. As St. Bernadine of Siena says: "They formed but one heart and one soul; they were two with the one same spirit, the one same affection, the one same everything and each of them was the other's self, since husband and wife were, so to speak, the one same person."

With that undying love of Mary for him, I am sure that Joseph had little time to think of his sorrows. His life must have been one long amazement that he of all men should be given this inestimable happiness. He loved and was loved by the fairest, the holiest woman of all creation.

HAPPINESS inconceivable! But even that shining glory paled by the side of the happiness that came from his association with Jesus. A mere creature like him to be called the father of the Son of God made Man! He to be honored with the office of providing for the wants of the Child, of instructing Him, he to be assured that he was necessary to the great work of Redemption! Happiness? If the saints have gone into ecstasy at the nearness of Jesus Christ, if they have been ravished at the sound of His voice, well, Joseph must have lived in the state of perpetual ecstasy. Holding the Babe upon his breast, feeling the touch of the hands that made the world, listening to the voice that thrilled the very Seraphim, could any greater happiness than his be conceived? No; poor Joseph, suffering Joseph, humble Joseph, does not need our sympathy. Take all the joys of the world, and with them you will not begin to approach the happiness that was his from being a participant in that earthly Trinity of Love.

And yet I need not entirely envy Joseph. Some day, with the help of God, I too, am going to share in all those loves. Unhindered, I am going to love Mary, and she, me; I am going to love Joseph, and he, me; and most of all I am going to love Love and know that Love loves me. May Joseph, who was ever Love's Christopher, find me a place in the crook of his arm!

Protector of the family,
St. Joseph, in our dwellings be,
As once with Mary and her Son
You were the sleepless guarding one.

Protector of the working-man,
St. Joseph, you whose life's long span
Was all of toil, remember yet
The working poor who toil and sweat.

Protector of the Church of God,
St. Joseph, with your blossomed rod,
Ward off the evils that assail,
As once you made King Herod fail.

Protector of the dying hour,
St. Joseph, use your holy power,
And beg our Lord for us to do
What in that hour He did for you!

XXIV. A Dying Man

How old Joseph was when he died, we have no way of finding out. St. Epiphanius says that he was ninety, while the Apocryphal "Story of Joseph the Carpenter" says he was one hundred and eleven. There is nothing known for certain about the age of Joseph when he espoused Mary. And not knowing that, it is quite impossible to figure the length of his days on earth. Did he die during the hidden life of Jesus, say in the days of His early manhood, or did he live long enough to stand at the side of Mary as Jesus went forth upon His public mission?

We do not know. The indication is that he did not live to see the beginning of the public mission. There is no mention of his presence at the marriage feast of Cana, nor on any of the other occasions where the relatives of Jesus are mentioned. And surely if he had been alive at the time of the Passion, Jesus would hardly have confided His Mother to the care of St. John. Negative arguments, of course, and they prove but little. But it seems to be the generally accepted opinion that he was called from his labors some time during the hidden life at Nazareth.

We would like to know more about it, like to know if Joseph had any part in the public life of Jesus, since he had played such an important part in the Infancy and the hidden life. But perhaps the desire is mere curiosity. It would give us little extra knowledge of Joseph's happy death. The essential thing to remember is that, no matter when Joseph died, he had the happiest of deaths. The Church teaches us to pray to him as the patron of a happy death; and if the Church has chosen his death from among the deaths of all the saints, it is because his death was the happiest of all.

Joseph had had a hard life, a life of contentment and peace and love, but naturally a hard, laborious life. He was subject to physical infirmities, to sickness, for he was a child of Adam, and he was subject to death.

It must have been hard for him to leave Jesus and Mary. He was a man of deep feeling, of extraordinary affection, and it tore his heart to go away from them who had always depended upon him. He had no fears for the future. His soul was filled with the grace of God. He had done his best; the very fact that Jesus loved him so was proof enough that he had not failed in his duty. And so when the last sickness came upon him, he could turn his eyes to the heavens, confident that his ever-lasting abode would be there.

Joseph had served Mary well. He loved her, he was her devoted husband, he had given up everything in the world to be her virgin spouse. It was reward enough, of course, that all these years he had been permitted to dwell by her side, to possess her love, to know the marvels of grace in her soul, to drink from the wells of holiness which she owned, to know that she was continually praying for him. But she rewarded him most in his death. Blessed the man to have the Mother of God weep at his departure! Those tears which Mary let fall upon the toil-worn hands of Joseph were as the dews of heaven. It was sweet to die, just to feel them. There was no fear of the darkness that shrouded down upon his eyes, so long as he felt the tender clasp of her hands in his. And so Joseph looked from the eyes of Mary into the eyes of the Eternal Father.

But even more than that, Joseph had served Jesus well. Jesus was not the kind to forget a favor; and how many favors He had received at the hands of Joseph. And that day as He sat upon the humble cot and tried to give ease to the dying man by pillowing his head upon His own breast, in the silence broken only by the sighs of Mary and the gasps of the dying man, Jesus must have had many memories. Memories of the night when Joseph had knelt before His manger crib, and His baby eyes beheld for the first time the gentle face of his "father"; memories of the many times he shielded Him in his arms, ready to die if need be to save His life; memories of the exile days in Egypt; memories, memories of the thousand and one little incidents that we all keep of the home days of childhood, memories of his cheery words, his teachings, his prayers.

Jesus in that instant read the whole life of Joseph, and every moment of it begot a beating of His grateful heart. What would He not do for this man who had done so much for him? "I was hungry and you gave me to eat, thirsty and you gave me to drink." Did Jesus think of Joseph when later on He was speaking those beautiful words of the reward of charity? So many times Joseph had held Him, and now He was holding Joseph, to soothe him, to help him over the awful barriers of death. It was peace that Jesus gave Joseph in that last hour. Peace and love.

St. Francis de Sales says that Joseph died of love for God. Joseph looked into the eyes of Jesus, and as he closed them on earth he opened them again to find that he was still looking into the eyes of God. There was little change, for Nazareth had been but the vestibule of Heaven. A little while in the peace of Limbo united with his mighty ancestors, and then he would be shortly united with his Jesus, Who would soon come down the ways of death to open for him the gates of Paradise. Was Joseph one of those who arose from the dead at the time of the Crucifixion? And did he come home to Mary at that time?

St. Leonard says that Joseph was transported body and soul to Heaven after the Resurrection of Our Lord. We know very little. Bede says that Joseph was buried in the Valley of Jehosaphat, but very likely he died and was buried at Nazareth. It is the belief of the Greek and Coptic Churches, it is also the revelation of Catherine Emmerich, that his body was later brought to Bethlehem by the early Christians, to repose in his native place.

The one thing for us to know is that Joseph is the patron of a happy death. In an old hymn we sing, "St. Joseph having gone to sleep peacefully in the arms of Jesus and Mary is the model for dying persons." So the Church puts these beautiful indulgenced ejaculations upon our lips: "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist me in my last agony; Jesus, Mary and Joseph, may I breathe forth my soul to you in peace."

Death is on the way; he will soon arrive at our door. But it is in our power to manage that he will not come alone. We can make if we will a friend of Joseph, and no one knows better than he how to prepare us to face the last issue. If we go to him often, we will learn the secret from him, and rest secure in the faith that because we have made him our friend he will come to us when we most need a friend in that dread hour, and bring Jesus and Mary with him.

With Jesus holding tight your hand,
And Mary stroking soft your head,
You journeyed from this exile land
To seek the country of the dead.

There was for you in death no pain
For through the dreaming Limbo years
You felt the hands of that blest twain,
And knew the love-dew of their tears.

Hope of the dying, Joseph dear,
Forget not when I'm dying too;
Bring Jesus and His Mother here,
To hold me as they once held you.

XXV. A Growing Man

"JOSEPH is a growing son," said the father of the Patriarch Joseph. And though in the Old Testament there is no direct prophecy about St. Joseph, we know from the teaching of all the Fathers of the Church, as well as all the doctors, that the elder Joseph was a figure of St. Joseph. Surely he is a growing man in the way devotion to him has grown.

The first period in the study of devotion to St. Joseph may be marked as from the early ages of the Church to the time of St. Bernard, in the twelfth century. Tradition says nothing about the death and burial and relics of Joseph. In a way it would seem as if there were a concerted silence in his regard. In Patrology there are references to him here and there. Even the early fathers pass him by in comparative silence, although there are numerous enough tributes to his prerogatives. Justin, Origen, Jerome, John Chrysostom, Gregory of Nazianzen, John Damascene, Epiphanius, Augustine, who repeatedly preached the true paternity of St. Joseph, Ambrose, and many others have their theological tribute to pay to him. But as regards devotion to him, that seems to have been confined to a few specially holy and gifted souls.

In the Eastern Church, however, we find a certain devotion to him from the very beginning. Thus we learn that the Copts or Egyptians were keeping his feast even before the time of St. Athanasius. So also in Syria and Persia. In one of the Coptic calendars the feast of "Joseph the Carpenter" is set for July 20, and he is also mentioned in other menologies, or lists of saints. His cultus was very old in the Greek Church, dating even from the time of Constantine. He is honored in some of the oldest hymns.

FOR instance, there was in the time of St. Ignatius, Patriarch of Constantinople, St. Joseph called the Hymnographer, from whom we learn that the feast of St. Joseph was celebrated on the Sunday after the Nativity, on which feast were united David, Joseph, and James, as relatives of Our Lord, and he quotes a canon thus: "Thou, O God-bearing Joseph, wast the guardian of the Virgin who preserved virginity intact. Be thou, with her, mindful of us, O Joseph." He also addresses Joseph thus: "The flowering rod of Aaron is the figure of that one which you placed near the tabernacle, and whose flowers designated you to be the Spouse of the Virgin. Filled with the Holy Ghost and ornamented with all the virtues, after a long and glorious old age you descended to the sojourn of the Patriarchs as a consoling angel, and now, your feast, celebrated in all places, excites the Lord to praise you, Him who has glorified you and deigned to call you father."

When we come to the Western Church, we do not find the devotion to be as old as in the east. There are of course memorials to him in the Catacombs. One beautiful one says, "O Joseph, assist me in my labors, and give me grace." But while there was, no doubt, in many a privileged soul devotion to him, it surely was not a general cultus. Indeed, it is not until the tenth century that we discover his name in the martyrologies. Records have been found of a church dedicated to him in Bologna, in 1129, but that is a rarity, for generally speaking churches were dedicated only to martyrs, whose relics they enshrined. There must have been private devotion, however, for it was from the increasing private devotion that the public cultus was finally established. The faithful, and especially the saints, would recognize in Joseph a beautiful ideal.

Benedict the Fourteenth asserts that the Carmelites were the first to bring the full cultus from the east to the west. When Asia Minor was invaded by the Turks, the Christians of that region migrated to Europe, and with them the Carmelites. The Carmelites were the first order in Europe to have an office of St. Joseph. The cult of the saint was in great honor in the monasteries of Palestine, and the Crusaders, returning to Europe, brought back with them the office, and propagated the devotion. We find various churches from those days claiming to possess certain relics of St. Joseph, as his ring, his staff and his cloak, and although these relics may not be authentic, nevertheless they prove the existence of a cult of him. Then the Franciscans took up the devotion, and soon the Dominicans began to vie with them in honoring Joseph. Some maintain that the Dominicans were the first to celebrate the feast of St. Joseph in Europe. The office used by them is attributed to Albert the Great.

Such saints as St. Bernard, who beautifully calls

Joseph "the most faithful helper of the great Counsel," St. Gertrude, St. Bridget of Sweden, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Bernardine of Siena, Bernardine de Busto, and the immortal Gerson, were enthusiastic about the devotion and did all in their power to make other souls share in their enthusiasm. As early as 1371 a Confraternity for young girls was established at Avignon in honor of St. Joseph. The girls assisted at Mass and Solemn Vespers and received a bouquet of flowers that had been blessed, and they were urged to "remember to keep intact until their nuptials either with Jesus Christ or a man."

St. Bernadine of Siena (born 1383), who was a most zealous and most eloquent preacher, especially preached the devotion in season and out of season. He relied upon that devotion to put an end to the factional quarrels of the Guelphs and the Ghibbelines, and he was aided greatly by his brother Franciscan, Bernardine de Busto. And what is said of them may well be said also of the eminent Dominican, Isidore Isolano (1522), who not only preached many sermons on the matter but also composed an office of the saint at the command of Cajetan, the General of his Order. This may be said to close the second period which had begun with St. Bernard.

THE third period extends from the sixteenth century to the present day. At the beginning of the sixteenth century St. Joseph was far from having the place in the hearts of the people that he should have had, but the work was beginning to thrive. Benedict the Fourteenth says that Gerson and Isolano contributed most to the spread of the devotion, but we feel that the name of the great St. Teresa should be added to theirs.

This remarkable woman, remarkable in everything, had a special fondness for St. Joseph, since it was he who had cured her of a serious illness; and when she entered Carmel, she considered it her duty to spread the devotion as much as she could. She wrote many beautiful tributes to him, she gave his name to fifteen of her foundations, ordered that his statue be placed above the doors of her convents, and every night placed the keys of the convent at the foot of his statue. She also recommended the devotion to St. Peter of Alcantara, and he consecrated the Franciscan monasteries to the saint and decreed that the seal of every monastery should bear the image of St. Joseph holding the Child Jesus.

Through St. Teresa, then, Carmel anew became the centre of the cultus and was the cause of spreading it all over Spain, Portugal, and then France and Belgium, wherever the Carmelite monasteries were established.

There was a sudden and widespread burst of devotion. Books, sermons, poems, began to multiply in honor of St. Joseph. Soon the devotion spread to the new world.

The Franciscans in 1624 consecrated Canada to St. Joseph, and the Jesuites, too, were tireless in spreading the devotion. All through the *Jesuit Relations* there are tributes to the power of the saint in regard to the missions. Canada thus has done its share in making the hidden saint known to the world, a fact we must not forget in explaining the great revival due to the Oratory of St. Joseph in Montreal, under the care of the Congregation of Holy Cross. St. Joseph seems at home in Canada.

Another great saint who did much to foster the devotion was St. Francis de Sales. The only picture he carried in his breviary was that of St. Joseph. On the eve of St. Joseph's feast he would always fast on bread and water. To the priest who attended him at the time of his death he said, "Father, do you know that I belong entirely to St. Joseph." He dedicated his treatise on *"The Love of God"* to the saint. His famous Nineteenth Conference, on St. Joseph, is a classic. Having such great devotion himself, it is not surprising that he communicated it to the Visitation nuns. He chose Joseph for their patron, and urged the nuns to consider him their master in the spiritual life. So St. Jane Frances de Chantal did her share, too, in making Joseph honored and loved.

Father Cotton, S. J., was another friend of St. Francis de Sales. He was confessor of King Henry the Fourth and it was due to him that the first church in honor of St. Joseph in France was dedicated. On that occasion St. Francis preached the panegyric.

So the devotion grew rapidly in France. Father Olier, who has written one of the most beautiful tributes of all in honor of St. Joseph, chose him as patron of his seminaries; St. Vincent de Paul did the same for his seminaries, and St. John Baptist de la Salle not only made St. Joseph patron of his institute but every day had the brothers recite the Litany of St. Joseph.

There was no orator of all times who preached more eloquently on St. Joseph than the great Bossuet. It was due to him that Louis the Fourteenth, March 22, 1661, ordered the feast of St. Joseph to be celebrated with the utmost solemnity, and forbade the people to work on that day. Bossuet preached before twenty-two bishops in General Assembly and two years later he gave the same sermon before Anne of Austria. In Italy and Germany at the same time there was a great revival of interest in the devotion.

During the eighteenth century the devotion seemed to decline in western Europe, but such saints as St. Alphonsus and St. Leonard kept it alive.

When Pope Pius the Seventh recovered his liberty, in 1814, the devotion took on new energy. Families, societies, individuals placed themselves under his protection, churches were built in his honor, statues erected, so that soon no church was without its statue of St. Joseph. There is no diocese that has not many churches dedicated to him. The Association of a Happy Death was placed under his protection, and in 1883 Pope Leo the Thirteenth granted permission to priests to celebrate Mass in honor of the saint as Patron of a happy death. In a word it would be impossible to enumerate the many works that are under the protection of St. Joseph, the multitude of religious communities that are called after him, the innumerable books and pamphlets that are being poured out by the lovers of the great saint. Joseph is a growing son, and will keep on growing forever.

Down in the mould a bulb lies still,
  Hidden away from sight,
But the silent life-force works its will
  And urges to the light.

Out of the bulb a shaft of green,
  Out of the shaft a flower;
And lo, to the world the bulb unseen
  Has shown its hidden power.

O saint of the hidden life, your heart
  Deep hid in the heart of God,
Now lifts on high from the earth apart
  Its Heavenly lilied rod.

Illustrations by T. R. Booth

Concerning a Vocation

By ROBERT PETROCK

The Nephew of an Arrogant Grandee.

REALLY, he was not a sophisticated young man. To begin with, there was no such thing as sophistication in those days. You plied your trade and made money, if you were low-born. You wielded a sword, or served in diplomacy, if you were a nobleman. But, be your birth high or low, one door would always be opened to you. The church was no respecter of pedigrees and blue blood. At the court of King Philip IV of Spain, a peasant's son, garbed in the Franciscan habit, shared in the deference yielded by the crowd of courtiers to the most arrogant grandee of Castile. Which was as it should have been.

The young man, about whom is the story to follow, was the nephew of the selfsame arrogant grandee. He had spent his orphaned childhood in castle and palace, on the hunting field and on the jousting arena. The King favored him and many a young maiden smiled on his cool gallantry. Slim, fitly-garbed, silken in voice and manner, Pedro Alcanzar won many friendships in his young hour and the death of his uncle left him, alone at sixteen, rich, subtly sought after and puzzled to the extreme. He had a cousin in the New World who would have been glad of his company; another in Madrid who might have obtained for him diplomatic preference. He had an aunt in Toledo who would have leapt at the chance of finding him a bride.

But Pedro just remained hesitant, puzzled, not knowing what to make of his life. For the time he let his relatives see he would have to wait before coming to any decision. Which did not satisfy them in the slightest, but the lad was rich and they had to curb their impatience.

Pedro's was a strange attitude for those days. Crude and uncouth they may have been in many a way, but, on the other hand, people did not wallow in vagueness beloved of the modern generation. God was God, religion was religion, art was art and love was love. Self-expression, psycho-analysis and inferiority complex were as yet unknown entities. Happily so. Simplicity had not then become a rare and worthless counter in a game of dubious stakes.

The New World and all it stood for stirred a rare sense of wonder in those people, though they stayed deeply mindful of the world to come. And in Spain at least, religion and Catholicism meant one and the same thing.

Pedro Alcanzar gravely considered travel, soldiering and matrimony and as gravely dismissed them. He wrote to his aunt that to him marriage meant nothing at all and he wrote to his cousins that travel and soldiering would impede him in carrying out a desire he felt deepest in his heart. Then he went to see an old Cardinal in Toledo and told him he, Pedro, wished to enter religion.

IF this were an ordinary fictitious yarn, the Cardinal ought to have smiled and given the youth his warm blessing and all the rest of it. But the Cardinal was too wise for rapid decisions. He merely told Pedro to

go away and to take a year to make up his mind.

"For, it seems to me, you are nothing but a child and your very words betray romance. My son, religion is not romantic. It is a hard business, far harder than fighting the Indians in the New World."

Pedro pondered over these words.

"I shall wait a year, Eminence," he answered dutifully. "But I know I shall be of the same mind. . . . It is just within me. . . . I cannot help it."

The old man raised his eyebrows.

"What is just within you?" he asked a little sharply.

Pedro's olive cheeks flushed.

"This," he gestured lamely. "I want to give all I have to the Church——."

"The Church would welcome a beggar just as much as you," retorted the Cardinal.

"I did not mean my wealth, Eminence, but, but, everything else. . . . I want to be united to God as closely as possible."

"Keep to your daily Masses," the old man dismissed him.

PEDRO went back to his sumptuous old castle near Burgos and looked after his tenantry and exchanged long confidences with his Dominican chaplain and spent long hours in the dimly frescoed chapel. To him it all seemed so simple: he desired nothing from this life. He longed for the solemn quiet and peace of the cloister, for a fitly ordered life wherein every moment would be consecrated, used for the greater glory of God. His richly brocaded clothes tired him. His jewels meant nothing to him. His huge vaulted library was lined with dusty theological tomes and, with the friar's help, Pedro would pore over them, ardently and laboriously. But, far more than any theology, he preferred books on Mysticism. Thomas a Kempis, Teresa of Avila, became his close companions and nearer than either was John of the Cross. Pedro knew his works by heart, dipped into their fiery poetry like a traveller exhausted by thirst.

"I want to know God as Juan knew Him," he remarked once to the friar, who replied, "You must pray for this, my son."

So Pedro prayed often far into the night. The lights would be dimmed in the quiet chapel and he would stay there all by himself, his thin hands clasped to his breast, his eyes seeing nothing, his ears hearing nothing. And the New World, the great Eldorado of his distinguished ancestry, became to him the blessed peace of some enclosed order. On one occasion the King summoned him to court and the lad went reluctantly enough and returned speedily, his memory echoing the well-familiar lines:

"All wound me more and more,
"And something leaves me dying."

Wealth, the world and all worldly-minded people wounded him. A day, spent among crowds, left him dying towards the sunset. An hour of lonely meditation brought him back to life. He would wander about the cork woods of his vast estate and his voice would chant exultingly:

"If then, on the common land
I am no longer seen or found,
You will say that I am lost;
That, being enamoured,
I lost myself and yet was found."

"Oh to find myself lost in the love of Christ, to be acknowledged as His Knight, to break my lance in His service."

His chaplain once found him alone in the twilight standing on the top of the hill.

"It is cold, my son, you had better return to the house."

Pedro turned round.

"I forgot all things, Fray Juan. It seemed to me that there was nothing around me, except God and His silence."

The friar frowned: "All the same, you had better go in."

Pedro went, docilely enough, and ate his supper, but, on leaving him, the chaplain wrote to the old Cardinal in Toledo.

"Would your Eminence not summon the young Senor? It is true that his thoughts are not with the world and that his entire mind is set upon entering religion, but his attitude gives me to think at times and I feel that I am no judge in this matter. He spends his time in the chapel and in the woods. He has mastered his Latin and can recite the Divine Office without any difficulty. His favorite author is John of the Cross. I can detect no worldly leanings to him and by nature he is simple and docile. Would your Eminence be kind enough to write to the prior at San Tomaso? I feel that at the end of the year the young Senor ought to make his decision, but his preference is towards solitude and he would not be acceptable by a missionary order."

The old Cardinal read it and thought deeply. Then he took a quill and penned a lengthy epistle to the prior at San Tomaso.

In about two months the appointed year was over. Eyes flashing, cheeks burning, Pedro Alcanzar presented himself at the Cardinal's palace in Toledo.

"I have done your bidding, Eminence. My mind is unchanged. I desire to enter the cloister."

"Sit down," the Cardinal motioned him to a chair. "You must wait a while. I have asked the prior of San Tomaso to come here and talk over the matter. You are very young, my son. Are you sure? Do you know your own mind?"

"I have no other desire, Eminence."

The old man cupped his chin on his right hand.

"And what do you think of religious life?" he asked slowly. "There is utter poverty."

"My wealth means nothing to me," answered Pedro, and the old man could not doubt his sincerity.

"And obedience?"

"My will belongs to God."

"And chastity?"

"I may be young, Eminence, but I know I shall never wed."

"What about your kin?"

Pedro threw back his head.

"I stand in my own right," he answered quietly. "And with the King's approval I can do what I please with my life."

THE Cardinal reflected upon the quality of this answer.

"There spoke your high birth, my son," he remarked. "But let this pass. Meanwhile, as we are waiting, tell me what makes you wish to enter the cloister."

Pedro sat silent for a moment.

"I do not understand, Eminence," he murmured at last. "It is just everything——."

"You like solitude?"

"Greatly, Eminence."

"Why?" The old man suddenly raised his head.

"Because——" Pedro faltered, "I can feel more at home, no, not that, because I feel nearer God when I am alone, as Thomas a Kempis said——"

"You need not quote him," broke in the Cardinal. "I believe I understand. And here comes the Prior."

Pedro rose. The curtain at the door parted and fell back. A shrivelled black garbed figure stood in the room. Pedro's eyes anxiously scanned

the thin swarthy face under the severe cowl, but its expression remained unscrutable.

The Cardinal waved his hand.

"Fray Jago," he smiled. "Here is your new postulant. Make his acquaintance at your leisure." And with a courtly bow he left the room.

Pedro stood still, his dark head bent. For a moment he felt afraid,

things do not weigh with us. And you are very young. What is your mind concerning religious life?"

"To serve God, Fray, to know Him, to save my soul by serving Him."

"A good answer," commented the Prior. "But be more definite, son. Have you ever been in a cloister, watched the monks at their labors?"

The lad raised his head.

"One can feel God nearest in silence," he quoted passionately.

THE old monk said nothing at all for a minute. And when he spoke again, his words seemed almost irrelevant:

"I know the Fathers at San Miguel. They are very good masons there.

The Cardinal Reflected Upon the Quality of This Answer.

but the quiet measured voice reassured him.

"It is a very holy desire, but it must be more than desire. Cloister paths are hard to tread, my son——."

"I know, Fray——."

THE Prior raised a very thin hand. "You are very wealthy and come from an illustrious house, but these

"I have frequented the convent of San Miguel from my childhood. I have seen them in the choir."

"Yes?" prompted the Prior.

Pedro's face flushed.

"And I have watched them go about and my chaplain told me I could not speak to them because of the rule of silence."

"Could you keep it?"

Why, their refectory was burned down but five years ago and now I hear a new one is built already. And we at San Tomaso have enough trouble with our cork trees."

Pedro heard his words in bewilderment, but proffered no comment.

"You are a healthy lad," resumed the Prior. "Think you you would be afraid of hard work? Our brothers

have been moved to San Tomaso but a few years ago. The place is not completed yet," suddenly the old face lit up in a smile. "We have a score or two of novices and they are kept well occupied."

"I am eager to enter," cried Pedro. "There will be no greater joy to me than to commence God's service on the morrow."

"So you shall, if such is your desire," the Prior rose.

In the adjoining chamber the Cardinal awaited him.

"You will accept the boy?"

The Prior nodded.

"He may have a vocation or he may not. He is sincere enough. And single-minded."

The Cardinal stroked his beard.

"Fray Jago, he knows too little about cloistral life. He imagines it as a beautiful mystical dream, days spent on bended knees, with clasped hands and a mind striving to probe the mysteries of God."

The Prior moved to the door.

"We will keep his hands unclasped." he smiled gently. "And we will teach him real mysticism, in time——."

"If he learns it not——."

"He will have to go."

* * * *

THE labor-filled day had come and gone. In company with his fellow-novices, Pedro made his way to the dimly lit church. His back was tired, his arms ached, his hands were raw from wielding an axe in the cork woods. The brethren at San Tomaso could not have their buildings completed unless a cork wood at the back of the infirmary was felled. The novices worked there with axe and saw and rope. They went to work after prime, came back to the silent dinner in the bleak-walled refectory and after a short recreation, returned to their axes and saws. They were dispensed from the greater part of choir duties and on his first day Pedro murmured Vesper psalms over his axe. But on the second day he got no further than the first Gloria Patri and on the third day he forgot Vespers altogether. In spite of the scorching July heat, it kept cool in the wood, though every tissue in his body burned with the fatigue. The unaccustomed toil and moil left him so spent towards the evening that he all but tumbled asleep in his low stall in the choir. The novices were not required to get up in the middle of the night. They left their work at sunset, trooped into the church, recited Lauds and Matins and went straight into the dormitory.

The cowl pulled over his hot forehead, Pedro groped towards his own place. He crossed himself almost mechanically in answer to "Deus, in adjutorium." His weary knees touched the wooden boards. . . . It was sheer relief to kneel after such a day. He had had a full week of it. He had not had a moment to dip into his beloved John of the Cross, they were reading St. Augustine in the refectory.

Dead tired, almost to sheer exhaustion, Pedro followed the office. Struggle as he would against distractions, they came and would not be denied. What a strange life. . . . You went into the cloister to serve God and you had barely a chance of doing so. You were told to fell trees and to drain ponds. . . . And, of course you did it because you had vowed obedience. Yet trees and ponds and washing of dishes were such material concerns. . . . You had your hour of meditation in the morning. . . . One brief hour, when you desired to meditate the whole day long. . . . And the novice master would ask you questions about your health if you left your dinner unfinished.

"What have meat and drink to do with the service of God?"

Pedro knelt, troubled, bewildered, the while his brother-novices chanted: *Cuncta enim quae in coelo sunt, et in terra, tua sunt.* (All things in heaven and on earth are Thine.)

"Even so, even so," he thought, "but why trees, why fell trees and learn so many things about carpentering, when I came here to know God and to serve Him?"

Lauds came to an end and he followed the brothers into the huge bare dormitory, dimly lit by a few candles. There, stretched on a hard straw pallet, he tried to meditate, when healthy sleep came on him and his eyes closed.

"You are not happy with us, my son," said the Prior, "and you had better go back to the world."

The youth hung his head.

"The world means nothing to me, Fray," he murmured.

"Not the court world, perhaps, nor the gay dancing and laughing world," answered the Prior gently, "but you have your own world, son, and you feel you cannot give it up."

"My own world, Fray?" the black eyes grew bewildered. "How can it be when I have no other desire but to serve God?"

"In your own way, my son," insisted the old man. "Nay, wait, I have no doubts of your sincerity, but you had a dream about cloister and you have not found it with us. Listen to me. You spent your young days wondering about the Kingdom of God. You desired and that greatly to share in the building of it. You thought prayer and meditation alone were to be foundation stones. It was a great dream, son, was it not? You grew to love the liturgy with all the strength in you and not for a moment did you imagine that even the Office would be a hard task after a toiling day. Son, you had forgotten, mayhap, you had never known that there can be no reservations in God's service. Mind, soul, heart, body, all must join in——."

Pedro's lips trembled, but he said nothing at all.

"Son, I am afraid you must go back. Our life is too hard for you."

"Think you I cannot do this work, Fray?"

THE Prior gently laid his thin hand on the lad's shoulder.

"That you can," he spoke warmly, "though it wearies you exceedingly, but you go about troubled in your mind like someone who had hoped to find a cool and peaceful haven and found himself in a busy crowded mart. God's peace comes in divers ways. You see but one, my son, and it seems to me, it is not our way."

The lad listened hard enough. He was troubled. The thought of returning into a world which, in all truth, meant nothing to him, filled him with acrid dismay. Yet he knew all the same that the old man was speaking the truth. He had not found what he wished. San Tomaso's made his muscles supple and inured his body to many a hardship.

"Fray, I had thought, I had hoped——."

The old monk smiled. "I think I know what you had thought, that your entire life would be spent in cell and cloister, in silence and in prayer; and instead of that, your hands have wielded an axe, and I imagine that not once, when out in the wood, did you think you were serving God."

"And was I, Fray?" broke out Pedro.

The Prior moved off to the little square window in his cell. His dark sunken eyes seemed to see something

far beyond the little sunny yard outside.

"I shall tell you a story, son," he began slowly. "There lived a young man in Spain once, and I knew him in his old age. God's service was poetry to him, beautiful poetry. He talked about emeralds and flowers,

"He knew all about God's love."

"He learned of it, but I remember him in prison and at work, his hands bending over the chisel. . . . And I remember him in a crowded square at Seville. His praise was in his work. . . . His solitude stayed within him.

habit and his hands were always blessed."

A bell rang from the cloister. The Prior raised his head.

"Yet John was a man and there was Another. Son, I would be unwilling to bid you go. Tomorrow, when you go to the wood, could you

The Labor-filled Day Had Come and Gone.

gathered in the early morning to make garlands, flowering in God's love. And God's love to him was a flame and a rose and a cross."

"John," broke out Pedro and the Prior bowed his head.

"Even so, John of the Cross, whose works you love exceedingly, the same John who worked and prayed and sang God's praises."

"But, Fray, he was a greatly blessed man."

The friar crossed meditatively his arms.

"And you, too, came here to us to save your soul, to join the saints' company some day. John of the Cross saw God's service in the least task he had to do. I remember him digging a well and mending a brother's

not remember a very humble house in Nazareth? Only a carpenter's shop, my son, chisel, saw and plane. A rude craft, my friend——."

He paused, but Pedro waited. He was thinking of the quiet days, spent in his castle, of his desire to leave all the world offered and to enter the cloister, of all his hopes to feel within himself just what John of the Cross

had felt, to scale the heights of mystic love God's saints had attained after years and years of toil. . . .

"A very rude craft, my friend," repeated the Prior. "But the Son of God despised it not."

Pedro's hands trembled. . . . He raised his head and looked out beyond the window. He feared what was to come, but he was beginning to understand. Only it seemed harder than ever and when he left the Prior's cell, his dark eyes were clouded.

He had shaped an ideal for himself and found it was not wanted. He had painted a picture and was abruptly told the colors were all wrong. He had cherished a sober austere dream, spun of exquisite self-denials and was given to understand these self-denials were but desires of his own self.

Sombre-eyed and silent he followed the novices into the wood the next morning. Spring had stolen into the country and his feet trod over white violets and bluebells and his eyes saw the distant orange groves drowned in roseate-white. The remote chimes of the Burgos Cathedral echoed in the mountains. . . . Pedro stooped, picked up his axe and looked at the crude cross clumsily carved on the rough wooden handle.

He looked at it very intently. Then he raised his eyes, but they saw no roseate-white orange groves. . . . They saw a humble little house in a strange remote land and a boy working at an old carpenter's feet. Pedro's arms stiffened as he brought down the heavy axe and, suddenly, in the sudden crash of splintered wood he caught an echo to his hidden thoughts.

It seemed as though a veil had risen and the sun had come out. . . . He smiled and went on working. There rang a strange lilt somewhere in his heart and his hands knew no tiredness that hot morning.

A WEEK passed and the Prior called for him again.

"And what is your mind now?

Pedro halted by the door. "I understand, Fray. What I had desired was very beautiful, but it was not everything. And now I see. . . . Fray, one can hear God's voice even in the splintered cork tree and one can serve Him planing timber. I had been so foolish, Fray. . . . I had only imagined."

But the Prior shook his head. "You will always keep the beauty you had imagined, my son, and some day you will have it not as a dream, but as truth."

No, he was not a sophisticated young man. Had he lived in our day, he might have lost himself in a sequence of fruitless efforts "to express himself." Self-expression is a tiresome millstone and generally leads to self-aggrandisement. But in Pedro's age, even as in our day, there were people capable of combining the two things, individual freedom and vicarious service. For both lead to God's Kingdom.

The Cult of the Wonderful

By IRVING T. McDONALD

OF the several various aspects of Science which can be held up for approval, some of them excellent and truly praiseworthy, it is an extraordinary fact that the quality invariably singled out to be applauded is that it is wonderful. And there is undoubtedly no aspect of Science less worthy of regard than that. For wonder is only a synonym for amazement, and to amaze means only to bewilder, to shock into temporary unconsciousness, as it were; and anything that is chiefly praised for its ability to knock one silly need have no more merit than the hind foot of a mule.

This is obviously not fair to Science, because Science, besides being wonderful and capable of amazing us, has actually some points in its favor. And to praise it for its wonders is to obscure much of the credit that is due it for being *good;* which is much more important than being merely wonderful.

We are being continually reminded that this is a wonderful age. It is quite true, although it's not nearly as wonderful an age as twenty-five years ago was. Twenty-five years ago the achievements of Science were ever so much more stunning to human beings, more bewildering and therefore more productive of wonder, because they were so much more unexpected than they are today. Nobody is honestly surprised at the doings of Science any more. The first horseless carriage that was ever seen in America, for instance, probably produced a much larger total of amazement than any radio broadcast that we now hear. The most wonderful things about radio, it seems to me, is the use to which it is put. Here is one of Science's most tremendous achievements, a device that enables the human voice to reach millions of human brains all over the world at the same instant, and so far, if the patronage of its users be taken as a criterion, the most significant communication it is able to promulgate concerns the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxi Company, and the doings of a lady known to fame as Madame Queen.

But even if the age is less wonderful than twenty-five years ago, it is still a wonderful age. Things continue to knock us silly. But the point is, What of it? It isn't the fact I protest, it's the implication. What is eminently desirable about a wonderful age? Wouldn't it be better to live in—let us say—a *respectable* age, in which men and women would respect themselves and each other too much to indulge in some of the possibilities of the wonderful age? Or as *honest* age, in which people would lapse into the truth from time to time, at least when they are testifying under oath? Or even, if it isn't imposing too much, a *good* age, in which things would be prized strictly according to their intrinsic worth, and human conduct would be ruled by considerations of right and wrong, instead of by their ability to make the world sit up and take notice? This Sphere of Soil has been vulgarly referred to as "the cock-eyed world." I do not know whether it is true, or just another rumor; but I venture to say that if it is true, it is just this misinterpre-

tation of the true value of Science that has made the world cock-eyed. That's just how anyone looks after he's been knocked silly a sufficient number of times.

It being popularly established that this is a wonderful age, and that Science has made it so, the strange conclusion has been drawn that unless a project is scientific, it is not worthy of respect. Accordingly the delusion exists, among others, that education must be scientific. Such a delusion could possibly be harmless if its administration were left in the hands of real scientists, for real scientists are generally able to perceive other aspects of reality than the scientific. But unfortunately matters have fallen into other hands; efficient hands.

The watchword of those who do not fully comprehend Science is pretty sure to be Efficiency. True Science is reasonably efficient, to be sure, although less so than Nature. There is no more conflict between Science and Nature than there is between Science and God. The true scientist doesn't attempt to improve on Nature, because he knows he can't. He's only doing his humble best to borrow from Nature and to imitate her. If he labors to build up a sickly, ricketty child, or to construct an artificial larynx with which to provide speech for one who has lost it, he isn't improving on Nature, because sickly, ricketty children and voiceless people aren't the standard products of Nature. He is only trying to make that child conform to the right pattern of childhood as established by Nature; to restore to that person a faculty to which he is entitled by virtue of his human nature. And when it comes to efficiency you can generally distinguish between the true scientists and the would-be by noting that the true one uses efficiency to aid Science, while the other is using Science to increase efficiency. He is determined to be efficient, whether he's scientific or not.

For quite a while now, it has been the grim purpose of the efficient engineers of education to make us a domestically efficient race. They recognized some time ago that homelife in America, just as homelife probably was in Nazareth, was not being conducted like a Big Business. Unnecessary motions were being made in the sweeping and dusting, and now and again unwanted morsels of food were being thrown out to the birds. So it was decided to teach children more scientific housekeeping and less other things. It seemed like a wise plan, but it was only a wonderful one. It was certainly scientific, and it was bred in the best tradition of efficiency. But the results are somehow strange.

Five times as many federally-aided home economics classes in day schools, and seven times as many in evening and part-time schools exist in America today as there were twelve years ago, according to the report of the Federal Board of Vocational Education just issued from Washington. That, to make no mention of the countless States-aided projects to the same purpose. And at no time in history has the break-down of the American home been so complete as it has during those same twelve years.

The traditional curriculums of cooking and sewing, we are informed by the report, has been vastly broadened to include such philosophical aspects of home-making as child-development, family relationships and home management. The hinge of these matters is unquestionably to be found in family relationships. No child will develop well in an environment where the relations, real and apparent, between members, are not right; nor will that home be properly managed. And the true regulation of family relationships cannot emerge from any domestic science course ever devised by the mind of man; it can only come out of the heart, the heart which is schooled in love, practised in sacrifice, and nourished in prayer. These, it seems, are not scientific elements, and no place was left in the curriculum for their consideration.

The trouble with that kind of education is that it only teaches the child to know and to do. The true objective of education is not knowledge or power, but Being. And when you teach humans to know and to do, instead of to be, you are putting the cart before the horse; you are putting powerful engines, that may well become engines of destruction, into irresponsible hands. Knowledge and power will never be administered properly save by a person of character. That is, consequently, the prime purpose of education, the formation of character.

You can teach a person all the formulas that have been prepared by Science for home management, family relationship and child development, and if your pupil is weak-willed, selfish or unscrupulous, if he is tainted with hyprocrisy, utilitarianism or materialism, then don't expect any of his relations to be right. He's not a fit ingredient of a home.

This efficient administration of American domestic life, the pseudo-scientific attitude toward things outside the jurisdiction of Science may possibly account for many things. Perhaps it explains why so many homes are winding up in divorce courts. Perhaps it explains why promiscuity, which has been given the euphemistic name of "companionate marriage," has ceased to be unmentionable as a topic of conversation in so-called "polite society." Possibly it explains why the day seems to be approaching, outside the Catholic Church, when a child with his full set of original parents, will be exhibited as a rarity, and books will be written about him.

Many depravities are understandable in a nation in which the young are taught everything worth knowing (according to the standards of efficient administrators) and to do everything they might want to do, but who have not been taught to be men and women. Their brains are the most highly educated brains that human society has yet produced. Their hands are deft and capable as machines. Their hearts have been left untouched. They are taught how to care for babies, and then, strangely, have none to take care of. They learn home management, and manage to avoid home all they can. With all their training in making the home attractive, it attracts them less than any other place—as long as the other places are open.

Are these things, then, chargeable to the Science of Education? To blame Science for such consequences is absurd. No horse is to blame for stumbling when he's overloaded. And Science, in spite of the worship of the wonderful, must not be expected to do everything just because it can do some things; especially when that everything includes some of the functions of God Himself, Who operates by Science, to be sure, but with equal efficacy by Grace.

The friends of Christian Science say proudly that very good business men are Christian Scientists. The foes of Christian Science say, unkindly, that Christian Scientists are very good business men. I will not debate whether these are two ways of saying the same thing, and far less whether it is a nice thing to say.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Illustrations by **W. RHODES**

The Nobody Who Got a Name

By DANIEL B. PULSFORD

THE Way of the Cross along which the procession to Calvary worked its way was rough and steep and the additional penalty inflicted on criminals of carrying their own cross was no light one. Jesus, who had lifted on His shoulders and borne with ease many a heavy beam in the carpenter's yard at Nazareth, was worn out by all He had passed through in the last few hours. The blood dripped from His forehead into His eyes, blinding Him and making it impossible to see where He was going.

Under the weight of His burden He trembled in every limb. The jostling of the crowd and the hustling of the soldiery did not make matters easier, and at last He stumbled and fell heavily, panting under the crushing load. They hauled Him to His feet with imprecations. But He had not gone far when the same thing happened again. The spectators saw Him stagger to His feet bruised and bleeding but without a word of complaint and essay the cruel task again with unflinching courage and determination.

Some, struck by His patience and touched by His sufferings cried out that He should be relieved, and when His strength finally gave out and He lay full length on the cobble stones, unable to rise, the Officer looked round for a broad pair of shoulders capable of bearing the cruel load. He wanted a human beast of burden and to ask one of his own men to act in that capacity would be an unthinkable indignity. A Roman soldier carry the cross of a condemned Jewish criminal? That was absurd. So he glanced over the crowd.

It happened that there stood at this particular point in the route one of those pilgrims who just then were filling Jerusalem. He was from faraway Cyrene, on the north coast of Africa, where today stands Tunis. It was a long journey to take for the sake of attending the Passover and Simon must have been a zealous Jew. When his burly figure caught the centurion's attention, this man found himself roughly laid hold of and compelled to take up the cross lying on the ground.

Thus was an unknown stranger dragged suddenly out of his obscurity into the blinding light of the Divine Passion. This menial task will henceforth glorify him in the eyes of unborn millions. Kings will envy him. For the moment, however, he was unaware of any glory. He had been made to look ridiculous. It was a false position.

Some might take him to be one of the condemned. What if his friends at home, who had envied him his visit to the Holy City could see him now? He was thankful they could not. It was indeed a humiliating thing, after all the anticipations in which he had indulged about this pilgrimage, to find himself playing so ignominious a rôle. Had anyone told him he was acquiring everlasting fame, he might have replied, "notoriety, you mean."

AS he watched the Galilean whose burden he had assumed, something unusual struck him. He was closer to Jesus for the rest of that awful journey than anyone else. He had heard a word of grateful thanks in a voice that had thrilled him. He observed that the by-standers paid his unfortunate Companion unusual attention. Who was this Man?

Simon, as a stranger to the City, did not know much about Him beyond a few wild rumors. There was a board about His neck which announced that he was "King of the Jews"; but that was obviously derisive. Somehow there floated into the mind of this pious Jew, as he strode on with his strange burden, passages from the prophets concerning a suffering Messiah. An aura of

majesty surrounded the Prisoner's bedraggled Figure which no blood and dust could obscure.

The cross-bearer's servile task had seemed at first a Roman insult; now he began to be proud of it. His heart was aglow with pity and reverence. The episode would stand out in future memories of his journeying. When Rufus and Alexander questioned him as to his experiences, he would tell them of how he marched to Calvary carrying the Cross of "the King of the Jews." When at length he was able to fling the instrument of torture he had been shouldering on the ground, it was almost with a feeling of regret that his part was over. He watched the stripping of the Prisoner and the preparations for nailing the criminals to their crosses with pained intensity.

Carrying His burden for Him, Simon had become identified with Jesus, in his own mind, to a remarkable degree. He could scarcely shake off the idea that it was he who was to be crucified. Hence when he heard the ring of the hammers he shuddered. Yet the dominant feeling was one of pride that he had been allowed to perform this service.

THERE are two ways in which the Great attach others to themselves: they do so either by granting favors or by receiving them. Jesus had won many hearts by taking upon Himself the load of sin and sorrow which they bore. He had evoked profound devotion from outcasts by sharing their disreputable society and allowing Himself to be identified with them. But there were occasions when He made men happy by calling for some service. Zachaeus became a new man simply because he was asked to give the Prophet hospitality, and there must have been many humble cottagers on the Galilean hills who followed Him, not because He had multiplied bread and fish to satisfy their hunger, but because, at some time or other, He had accepted a meal from their own frugal store.

The service which Simon of Cyrene had been enabled to render was of the meanest kind; he had merely lent his physical strength. That which was asked from him was no more than any clodhopper could have given. He had, possibly, wealth to give and intelligence, but his task had consisted in carrying a heavy beam some little distance. It was his broad shoulders that had been requisitioned. He won fame by the gift he least esteemed. But he knew henceforth why he had been given a muscular frame, and for the rest of his life that burly physique of his would be consecrated.

Much has been said in these days concerning the dignity of manual labor. "The Man with the Hoe" has become a sort of hero. Carlyle sung the praises of him who could make two blades grow where one grew before. The worker has secured political privileges undreamt of before. "The horny hand of toil" grasps, in the proletarian revolution, at world dominion. But the real dignity of labor was never so magnificently illustrated as when an unknown stranger came to Christ's assistance on the road to Calvary and carried the Savior's Cross.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton in ringing lines has proclaimed the honor which fell to the donkey which bore our Lord into Jerusalem, and it was perhaps a thought of the same animal which made St. Felix of Catalice call himself "the ass of the Capuchins." But it was Simon's actual privilege to be Jesus' beast of burden and, in becoming such, he gave a dignity to physical work unguessed at by our modern prophets. It may be well to glance at the differences between their conception of dignity and that which he exemplified.

THIS honoring of labor is a part of that cult of the body which is one of the fashions of our time. To be in close contact with "mother earth," or to drive the wheels of our mechanized industry is, in and for itself, esteemed a worthy thing. The brawny laborer is contrasted with the pale-faced student to the latter's

disadvantage because his body is developed, his flesh is firm, his veins are flushed with health. He sleeps soundly and eats heartily. There is a good deal of sentimental paganism about this view. The prophets of the cult prefer, for the most part, to emphasize labor's social service.

Even the most obscure navvy contributes something, it is said, to the community. Beside the idle rich or the dilettanti scholar, he is a real benefactor. The manual worker gives what is essential for the life of the community. We can do without pictures and books but we cannot do without food and clothing. Those who contribute these things are the basis on which the social pyramis rests. They ought therefore to receive special honor.

THERE is a great deal of truth in this. Yet the service of man is not the highest object to which our gifts can be devoted. When "the woman that was a sinner" anointed our Lord some complained and said it would have been better had the price of the ungeant been devoted to the poor. But Jesus defended the woman. The builders of the Middle Ages expended their greatest skill on churches. Crowds of workmen, organized in guilds, traveled about Europe erecting these houses of God, making them more ornate than even the castles of the nobles, and reckoning themselves fortunate to be able thus to labor for the glory of God.

There was an Order known as Bridge Friars whose duty it was to keep bridges and roads in repair. This work of maintaining the highway was always regarded as having a pious intention. The rich often left bequests for this purpose. The guilds of artizans—corresponding in some ways with our Trade Unions—were, too, on a religious foundation. They had their patron saints, their chaplains, their regular services. Religion and industry, in the Catholic centuries, were closely connected. The dignity of labor was fully recognized, not on account of its social value but because it was ordained of God and was one of the ways in which He is served. The religious Orders set the example by combining prayer and physical work. This was a more exalted conception than that which is fashionable today.

Simon of Cyrene sets us an example in another way. We have assumed in this narrative the truth of the tradition which declares that he became a Christian; his sons are mentioned as such in the New Testament. And that means that, although his was at first forced labor, he came to regard it as having been an honor.

After Easter

By JOSEPH L. DOOLEY

I LONG to wander through the wood,
To walk the paths we used to know,
To speak with You as once I could
And bask in hallowed grace's glow.

So sweet the earth in vernal shade,
As incense, soothing to the heart;
'Twas there that hurts were wont to fade
To raptures of a world apart.

The brook, the fount and opal pool
Were glory to the ear and eye;
The mossy bank, the shadows cool
And ferns and trees and feathered sky!

Your voice was like the lark's, attune
To angel sprites of light and air.
A smile of roseate sunbeam shoon
Invited love to linger there.

The surcease in your tender eyes
Sublimity for worlds would be;
Your sacred touch a Paradise,
Your blessed will, eternity!

I sat with You 'till heat of noon,
Great Sun of Summer's Soothing Day;
Now comes the night of stars and moon,
But You, Dear Friend, have gone away.

My soul, Prince David, lilts along
A galaxy of memories;
I tread the vale of plaintive song
And You, the realm of ecstacies.

Its harshness was redeemed by the greatness of Him whom he thus served.

The redemption of labor on our lips, however, has a different significance. It means the *deliverance* of the worker from the conditions of manual toil. Emancipation indicates for him escape from the cross laid upon him rather than the interpretation of it in religious terms. In spite of all the idealism which has sought to glorify the lot of the worker, freedom, leisure and the wealth associated with other classes is the hope and ambition of most. Little is said of that spirit which can make drudgery a joy, which can give those impressed by circumstances into the army of industrialism real liberty, which can transform the bondage even of the slave into "the glorious liberty of the Sons of God."

Forgotten is the lesson taught by St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon wherein the aged Apostle bids the master take back his runaway slave "not now as a servant but as a most dear brother." That does not mean that Onesimus' status was to be changed, but that, as a Christian, the servant now stood in a different spiritual relationship with his master, a relationship which would inform and change from within their attitude to one another.

It is thus with the servitude of labor generally. The first step in improving its conditions is the recognition of the Pauline principle that those who serve should do so "as unto the Lord" and that those whose function it is to command should remember the infinite value of even the least of those for whom Christ died. With this religious interpretation of our social relationships established, the rest would follow—respect, improved conditions, adequate economic reward.

DOWN through the centuries we perceive a heaving, struggling mass of what are called "the common people." Blindly led, they create revolutions, attempt to better their lot by force, embark on experiments which end only in increasing their misery. But leading the van and indicating the only path along which true progress can be made, I see the staggering figure of a certain Cyrenian Pilgrim. An obscure man, he leaped into fame as the Leader of all who find in the Cross of Christ the one and only means for the redemption of both the laborer and of labor.

The Stations of the Cross Today

By DONALD ATTWATER

THE number of Catholics who have never, at some time or other of their lives, made the stations of the Cross, before the images so familiar in all our western churches, must be very few. At the same time there must also be relatively few who have made them through the streets of Jerusalem, following from point to point in the immediate neighborhood of where our Savior Himself was dragged on that terrible progress.

Whether for pilgrims or its inhabitants, this is naturally one of the most "popular devotions" of the Holy City, both for individuals and groups; and every Friday throughout the year, at 3 P. M., the Franciscan Friars Minor lead the Faithful of all rites along the *Via Dolorosa*.

The present writer was privileged thus to follow Our Lord's footsteps some years ago in company with a Franciscan Father and an Irish Jesuit.

Even apart from their sacred associations, no surroundings could be more appropriate than the Jerusalem streets of today. From the Third Station until the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is entered, the pilgrim steps and inclines, and meets camels and laden donkeys which take up all the road as he forces his way through the busy and noisy crowd. As he goes forward, the way becomes narrower, rougher and more crowded.

Public devotion excites no comment; a native woman will slip from a shop or under a camel to kiss the hand of a friar, but she will push him out of the way if his devotions impede her burdened progress. A donkey will tread on your heels in the middle of an *Ave;* and even today it is not difficult to guess why the Crusaders called the street by the Seventh Station, "The Street of Bad Cookery." It has now, I believe, been renamed after St. Francis of Assisi.

The First Station is in the courtyard of a disused barracks, and a few yards away is the Second, on the alleged site of the raised pavement, *lithostrotos* or *gabbatha,* where was the place of judgment. It must be understood that in the course of 1,900 years the level of the street has risen six feet and more; but in the crypt of the church of the Sisters of Zion, adjoining the Second Station, there is exposed to view and touch part of the original paving as it was when Our Lord passed by.

The traditional place of the first fall is marked by a broken column lying at the foot of a little oratory, and adjoining it is the Armenian Catholic Church of "Our Lady of the Fright" built where Our Lord met His Mother. The curious name of the church refers, of course, to our Lady's terror when she saw the terrible plight of her Son. During this sad encounter there came up, probably from the fields by the Fish Gate, one Simon, a stranger from Cyrene; and so, just across the present road, is another chapel at the beginning of the long ascent to Calvary, where the cross was given to the Cyrenian to carry.

IT was about eighty yards further on that St. Veronica, the wife of a Gallic officer in the Roman army, ran from her house to cleanse the face of the passing criminal—surely one of the greatest and most moving acts in the history of human charity. Where her house stood the Catholic Melkites have converted old vaults into a beautiful church. The street is now very narrow and in parts more like a tunnel than a street, for the adjoining houses are built right across it; after stumbling on for some sixty yards in semi-darkness the Seventh Station is reached. Here in Our Lord's time was the Gate of Judgment, or Ancient Gate (see NEHEMIAS 12:38) by which He left the city; in its portico was displayed a copy of the sentence of death passed upon Him, and as He passed the threshhold of the city which had condemned Him, Jesus fell a second time.

The procession with its attendant rabble was then in the open country (now covered with buildings and streets), and Jesus stopped to address prophetic words to some women who stood by: "Daughters of Jerusalem! Weep not for me—but for yourselves and for your children." This Seventh Station is marked by a cross in a wall.

For Our Lord, the last seven "Stations" all took place within a few yards of one another. But owing to the buildings with which succeeding ages have covered the sites the pilgrim today has to make long detours between the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, and Tenth Stations. A good 250 yards' walk now separates the Eighth, from the place of the third fall of Jesus, which is opposite the door of the dissident Coptic Church. The words of (ST. MARK 15:22) suggest that Our Lord was supported or even carried up the hillock of Calvary (only 15 feet high) at the foot of which His last fall had taken place. But the pilgrim now has to retrace his steps to the street called *Tariq Bab el Amoud,* in order to reach the south transept door of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre beneath whose roof is now all that is left of the Hill of Calvary.

Its top is reached by a steep flight of narrow steps and is a chapel containing two altars, one Catholic and the other of the Greek Orthodox. At the top of the steps is commemorated the Tenth Station, and the Eleventh at the Catholic altar. Where the cross was raised and planted and the Savior of mankind drew all men to Him is covered by the Greek altar; beneath it is a silver disc let into the floor: few are the Christians who can remain standing or leave that piece of tarnished metal unkissed.

The Thirteenth Station is, of course, in the same place and the Fourteenth, at the Holy Sepulchre a few yards away — the most sought after and beloved spot in all Christendom. For here was the Resurrection—and if Christ had not risen from the dead our faith would be vain.

A LAST word. Not all these fourteen holy places (especially the earlier ones) are historically and archæologically verifiable. Jerusalem has, I suppose, been destroyed more often than any other city, and being an eastern city it has been rebuilt each time, not on a cleared space, but on the rubbish and ruins of destruction. Thus are landmarks obliterated. But the pilgrim may follow the "original stations" with sure confidence that he is near to the scene of the events he commemorates, and that in the final stages he is at the very spot where 1,900 years ago were nailed those holy Feet, "for our advantage, to the bitter cross."

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD 10% OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE.

THE LIFE OF ST. MALACHY. By Albie J. Luddy, O. Cist., Gill & Son, Ltd., Dublin. 5 Shillings.

This life of the great Irish bishop and abbot is very short, being comprised in 122 pages. The rest of the book is concerned with appendices. But it fills a gap in Irish hagiography, as the only available life of the illustrious bishop has been for many years a booklet published by the Catholic Truth Society.

Father Luddy forms his story on the life of St. Malachy written by the Irish bishop's friend, the great St. Bernard of Clairvaux. Two of the latter's sermons, the first delivered on the occasion of St. Malachy's burial at Clairvaux, November 2, 1148, and the second preached on some anniversary of it, are given in the appendix. St. Bernard's friendship and pronounced admiration of St. Malachy is an indication of the solidity and charm of the latter's virtue. So great was Bernard's devotion to Malachy that when the latter lay dying in the monastery of Clairvâux Bernard exchanged tunics with him, and thereafter wore Malachy's on great solemnities, and was also buried in it. According to the author Malachy was the first Irish saint to be canonized in a formal way. This was done by Pope Clement III on July 6, 1190.

While the life is short it, nevertheless, gives the interested reader a true picture of St. Malachy and the times in which he lived. It seems to have been inspired by the 787th anniversary of the foundation of Mellifont, the first Cistercian Abbey to be erected in Ireland, which anniversary was celebrated coincidentally with Drogheda's celebration of Catholic Emancipation in 1929.

An interesting discussion of the various prophecies attributed to St. Malachy is found in the appendix. The most celebrated of these prophecies is that one referring to the list of Popes and their titles. The reverend author is of the opinion that they are not the work of St. Malachy but forgeries, which opinion he seems to substantiate.

CATHOLIC TEACHINGS. By Thomas C. B. Healy. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

This is an interesting attempt to put in popular form the teachings of the Catholic Church for the modern man whose mental attitude has been molded by our scientific age. A question at once arises as to the necessity for this for it is certainly true that the dogmas of the Church are adapted to the intelligence of the men of all ages. Nevertheless the value of the present volume is beyond doubt if only as a matter of language. For the dialects and idioms of one place and time differ from those of other times and places and this involves the necessity of translation. It is, then, as a translation into the idiom of the average man that CATHOLIC TEACHINGS should be considered, and, thus considered, it is excellent. The author's illustrations are largely drawn from analogies of popular science and are of a kind to be understood by all.

The work is divided into thirty-seven chapters, each dealing with a number of related subjects so that each necessarily receives the briefest possible treatment since there are in all only three hundred-odd pages in which to deal with them. Yet one has the feeling that the gist of the matter is there. Indeed, one may well be astonished by such adequacy with such compression.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPAEDIC DICTIONARY. General Editor, Donald Attwater. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.00.

It is said that the vocabulary of the average man numbers no more than five hundred words or thereabouts, but here is a reservoir from which the average man, at least the average Catholic, may greatly increase his store and that with words and terms that should be of especial advantage to him.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPAEDIC DICTIONARY, according to the preface, was originally planned as a simple dictionary of technical words and phrases peculiar to Catholic terminology and such general words as have a special meaning in this context. Later it was found advisable to extend this to the encyclopaedic method and the present work is the happy result.

The reviewer personally feels extremely glad that the change took place. So far as he knows there is nothing quite like this book available in the language. As a reference volume it is invaluable, being at once condensed and yet adequate. For any but the specialist whose time and opportunity for research are unlimited it should fill a long felt want.

The volume contains no biography save very brief accounts of the saints of the General Calendar of the Roman Church. History, too, and apologetics are kept to a subordinate place. The editors have concerned themselves principally with simple definitions, or, in the case of doctrinal terms, with a plain statement of the Church's position, defined where that is possible, or merely generally accepted when no final pronouncement has been made. They have given special prominence to the application of doctrine to the questions of the contemporary life, and this renders the book of great value to writers both Catholic and non-Catholic whose work requires them to deal with subjects having to do with the Church.

The Board of Directors is made up of well known and highly recognized authorities on Catholic theology and the definitions given have been drawn from sure sources and their status and standing in Catholic usage fully and critically canvassed.

Besides Mr. Attwater, the Board of Editors and Collaborators include such authorities as Cardinal Lépicier, Mgr. Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, The Rev. J. P. Arendzen, the Rev. Thomas E. Flynn, Don Benedict Steuart, O.S.B., the Rev. H. E. G. Rope, the Rev. Edwin N. Owen, D.C.L., Father Cirillo Korolevskij, the Rev. Dom Thomas F. Croft-Fraser, Father Aelred Whitacre, O.P., S. T. L., Praes, and many others.

TRAMPING THROUGH IRELAND. By John Gibbons. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

John Gibbons is well known to the readers of THE SIGN in his delightful "My Card-Index on the Loose," and in this new volume of his walking tour through Ireland the same easy, flowing style, the same vein of quiet humor sharpening now and then into a shrewd thrust, and, above all, his deep sympathy with his subject, will still further endear him to those who accompany him in the depths of their easy chairs upon his travels.

This is distinctly a book to be read in an easy chair. There is something in long marches through unfamiliar places, where almost any adventure may await one around the corner that heightens the comfort of easy chairs. When one considers the open road as it appears to the foot-loose wanderer who has no guide to his turnings save his own decision which he may base upon any whim, yet upon which so much may depend, it is peculiarly comforting to have to make no decision at all beyond that of going to bed when all is finished. Indeed there are few pleasures greater than reading such adventures as Mr. Gibbons unless it be, like Mr. Gibbons, to go adventuring.

Mr. Gibbons is an Englishman and there are some who might therefore sup-

pose him to have been a poor person for a great daily paper to send to Ireland for his impressions, yet it seems that the choice was quite justified, was, indeed the perfect choice. He belongs to the great and growing body of English Catholic literary men who see eye to eye with the Irish in that profoundest of things, religion, and yet, because of racial differences, view them from just the distance needed to give the true perspective.

He did not always agree with the Irishmen he met, he did not always like individual Irishmen, though this feeling was very rare, but for most of them, for the people as a whole, and for their lovely home, he had only the warmest affection, even if the affection was mingled with a certain bewilderment. His bewilderment sprang possibly from a curious consistent inconsistency in the Irish character which expressed itself in their often repeated assertion of their hate of England and their liking for Englishmen, their spurning of the one together with their beautiful courtesy to the other as represented by Mr. Gibbons himself. But if he did not understand the apparent contradiction, which is in fact no contradiction at all, he appreciated its charming quality and duly set it down to charm as well his readers.

To quote the keen critic, Mr. St. John Ervine: "Those who do not buy and read and treasure this book will be doing themselves a grave disservice."

MERE MARIE OF THE URSULINES. A Study in Adventure. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. $2.50.

As the sub-title suggests, the keynote of Miss Repplier's latest book is adventure. It is adventure undertaken for the love of God and for the love of the lost sheep of His who must be found again, but adventure none the less and of a type to make one catch one's breath at its bold daring. The patroness of the Ursulines was this glorious type of adventuress and Mére Marie was her true disciple.

Someone has remarked that the romance of Catholic truth pales all other romance by comparison, and it is not less true that the greatest adventures of history are those that have been undertaken for the love of our Lord and His Church. We are, perhaps in danger of forgetting this today but in this delightful volume Miss Repplier has jogged our failing memories.

Marie Guyard was a native of Tours. She was of the middle class, her father being a silk merchant, and from the earliest childhood showed a marked desire for a religious life. However, at the early age of seventeen she became the wife of another silk merchant and two years later, after having borne him a son, found herself a widow. It is difficult for us today to entirely sympathize with the young widow's treatment of her child. That she loved him seems incontestable. It was her policy not to be too affectionate to the boy, lest, when the inevitable separation came, his grief should be too keen. When he had completed his twelfth year, she asked his permission to enter the religious life. It was accorded and later the youth also chose this way of life and entered the Benedictine Order.

From the time of her retirement from the world begins the real life of Mére Marie. Quickly she advanced in wisdom and in authority in the sisterhood until in 1639 at the age of forty, she sailed to take up the work of converting the Indians of New France. It was this mission, in which she displayed such courage and devotion together with an organizing and executive ability amounting to genius, upon which her fame rests. Year after year in the Canadian wilderness, she faced without flinching every kind of danger, hardship and discouragement. The perils of the great forest and the savage winter were trebly intensified by the continual attacks of the Iroquois, yet even the appalling danger of falling into those ruthless hands could not disturb the calm face she turned towards life, and the indefatigable patience with which she labored among the less savage Hurons and Algonquins of Quebec. The work of the mission met with great success. The Indians were converted and grew to love tenderly the good men and women who had given up all that the world values for their salvation. The Indians were converted in great numbers and the work went on successfully after Mére Marie had gone to her eternal reward.

Mere Marie of the Ursulines is a splendid story beautifully told — the name of Agnes Repplier guarantees that —for it possesses that touch of genius that awakens people and things long dead and breathes into them the verisimilitude of life which alone makes them convincing. To the student and to the lover of a tale of adventure the book should equally appeal.

THE HOLY GHOST. By Rev. John M. T. Barton, D.D., Lec. S. Script. **DEATH AND JUDGMENT.** By Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B. **THE SACRAMENT OF THE EUCHARIST.** By Rev. George D. Smith, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $.90 each.

The Macmillan Company in "The Treasury of the Faith Series" has just added to its list these three new volumes each of which measures up in its own way to the high standard already set by their predecessors.

Differing somewhat in style, they are all of them masterpieces of condensation, of saying a great deal in a very few words. The Sacrament of the Eucharist takes us over ground familiar to most of us but it does so in a manner that is very enlightening to the lay student who has not delved so deeply into apologetics as he might. In Death and Judgment there is to be found, appropriately enough, a certain touch of grave emotion that lends considerable impressiveness to a naturally impressive theme. The reader is made to feel as well as to understand the import of the dread words. To the present writer The Holy Ghost is perhaps the most interesting of the three little books.

The reading public is certainly a debtor, not only to the learned authors of these invaluable little books, but also to the enterprise of the Macmillan Company in publishing the series. The series when complete will consist of thirty-six volumes all of which should occupy a place within easy reach on the shelves of every studious Catholic.

THREE SHIPS COME SAILING. By Monica Selwin-Tait. Benziger Brothers, New York. $2.00.

The three ships are three young women, the sea they sail is modern life as lived in America, an extremely choppy sea, and the port into which they all come at last is, appropriately, the Church. Ursula Dane and Polly Benedict are married; their friend, Ann-Frances, the capable young journalist, is not and, judging by the lot of her two companions, well out of it therefore.

She is, however, attached to Max Stannard and the two are contemplating "marriage" of a sort. They are nice girls at heart. Many of us will recognize some of our friends in one or more of them, but they just don't know what they are about; rudderless ships, if you will. The idea of the story may not be markedly original, nor the plot nor even the situations. The characters are real personalities and before one has turned two pages one is interested in their destinies. After all most of the plots of the dramas in real life are not startlingly novel, but are not the less interesting for that.

THE LAST STAND. An Interpretation of the Soviet Five Year Plan. By Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., Ph.D. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. **$3.00.**

To students of the contemporary Russian situation, this book should come as a veritable God-send. Few subjects are of more controversial a nature than the facts and their significance in that great cauldron of strange brews that is Russia today, and the opinions held on both sides are too often dictated by prejudice and strong feeling to carry much weight with the impartial observer. But Father Walsh is an authority especially well fitted through his study of a problem that yields to very few in the practical importance which it holds for the modern world with its hesitant social policies.

It is common to supporters and opponents of the Bolshevic regime alike to refer to the statements of travellers in Red Russia as providing final evidence of the success or failure of that vast experiment, but, as the statements of these eye-witnesses are often so diametrically opposed, we are left in a quandary. Here we have one saying that, in spite of well nigh insurmountable difficulties, the Russian state is forging a splendid synthesis that shall serve as a model for the admiring world; while another informs us that it is fast crumbling to pieces. Again we have an apologist maintaining that, however ruthless the policies of the Soviet rule, the object is a sincere and lofty one which in the end shall liberate the people; while the indignant conservative protests that, whether successful or not, a tyranny is forming there that puts to blush the most uncompromising autocrat of the past. It is all very confusing and for this reason the chief value of Father Walsh's book lies, not so much in his own conclusions, however true they may be, as in the voluminous quotations from the leaders of Bolshevism themselves. Father Walsh allows these to speak for him and the message they convey to us is peculiar but final. Letters, documents, state papers, official instructions are the sources of our author's quotations and it seems impossible, with these confronting us, to draw any conclusion other than that the government of Russia today is one vast conspiracy against organized society the world over.

The book deals mainly with the famous five year plan, a plan which, according to his showing, is a last stand to justify to the Russian people and the world, the Bolshevist theory in action. It is illustrated by a series of Russian posters exhalting the communist prolatariat at the expense of the rest of human kind.

Father Walsh somewhat weakens the force of his otherwise powerful exposition by evidencing what appears as a curious blind spot. In his chapter, "The American Plan," he contrasts Republican America with Bolshevist Russia. Now no one will deny that they present a contrast. The crimes of Russia are lurid beyond comparison, yet this painting of our own land so lily-white comes a little quaintly from our author. The idealism of a Washington, a Jefferson or a Lincoln is indeed the antithesis of that of a Lenin, a Trotsky or, most of all, a Stalin, but is it quite fair to contrast them thus? We have travelled some way from our early republican virtues and it seems strange that so clear-eyed an observer as Father Walsh does not recognize this. Indeed, it is a tenable proposition that the financial autocracy that is in process of formation here is a type of the evil that revolution delights to use as its excuse for being. Bolshevism so used it and Bolshevism was not wholly unjustified until it abandoned its enmity and chose to become more tyrannous than the tyrant.

THE CONTINUITY OF RELIGION. Translated from the French of Bossuet by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Victor Day. Published by the author, Helena, Montana.

THE CONTINUITY OF RELIGION is a work that in its day was hailed as "The most beautiful thing written," and while one may balk a little at this extremity of praise, one is not surprised, as he proceeds through its measured phrases and notes the consistency of its reasoning and the beautiful design of its exposition, that some of such enthusiasm should have been awakened in the minds of his contemporaries. THE CONTINUITY OF RELIGION is the second half of the famous DISCOURSE ON UNIVERSAL HISTORY and the position of the author at the time of its appearance was such as to give it the widest possible recognition. Bossuet was the darling and admiration of the brilliant court of Louis XIV of France and one of the greatest of the great champions of religion and the Church which that splendid epoch produced. His popularity was obscured for many years by the onward rush of revolutionary ideas leading up to the great upheaval that turned France first to a chaos, then to an empire and finally to a Republic, but it is reviving again in the revival of Catholic art and letters in France, and Monsignor Day has conferred a great favor upon the English-speaking world by his masterly translation.

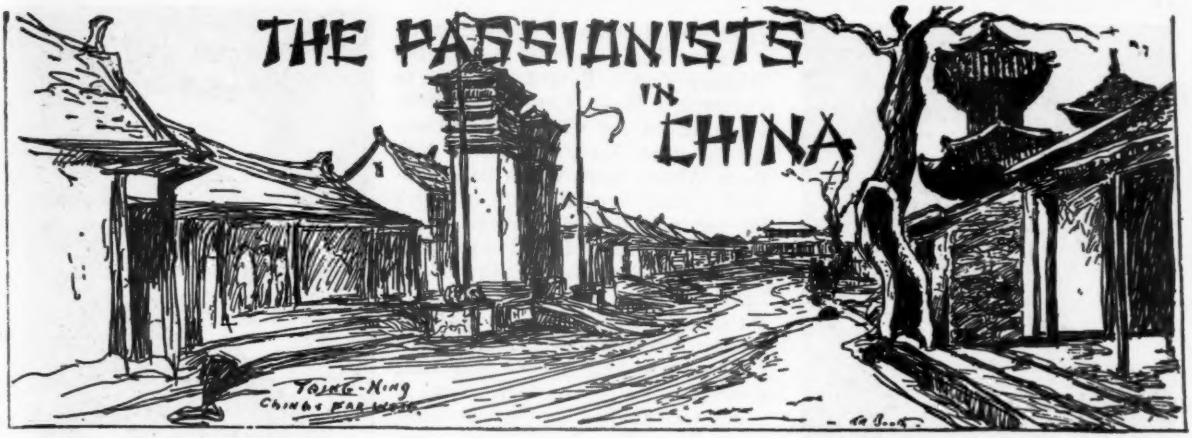
The form of the work is original but highly effective. The whole of history from the days of Eden is reviewed as one beautiful and living argument for the mercy and wisdom of God the Creator and Redeemer of the world. It is an extraordinary tour de force and one that should serve as a corrective model to the modern stylist with his tendency to the inelegant.

How popular this volume will prove it is difficult to say, how popular it should prove is easy, but in any event those with a taste for the beautiful should possess it for the pure pleasure of withdrawing for a time from the cruder efforts of today into a realm in which perfection of manner becomes a chief advocate for the truth of matter.

WHY DO CATHOLICS—? By Rev. J. R. Buck. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. **$1.50.**

The question, Why do Catholics do this? or Why do they say that? or Why do they believe the other thing? is familiar to us all in its million or more variations. There seems to be a feeling on the part of our neighbors outside the Faith that there must always be a rather mysterious reason hidden away somewhere in the darker recesses of the heart why Catholics should think, say or act as they do, even when the matter is quite obvious. Personally we are always tempted not to disappoint them, to throw out dark hints as to why Catholics eat their dinner, to suggest that there may be an additional motive peculiar to Catholics for retiring at night or getting up in the morning. Nevertheless we commonly forbear because in the majority of cases the questions are prompted by sincere if not altogether intelligent motives.

Father Buck has shown us the right way in this interesting volume where by means of short explanations of such moot points as "The Mass," "Miracles," "Angels and Devils" and a half score of others, he indicates the doctrines of the Church and their basis in reason and common sense. The book is expository rather than polemical. It is a short compendium of the Church's teaching on many of the points which puzzle outsiders and should prove an excellent refresher to the memory of many Catholics as well as a formidable weapon in their hands against the all too prevalent ignorance in the world outside the Church.

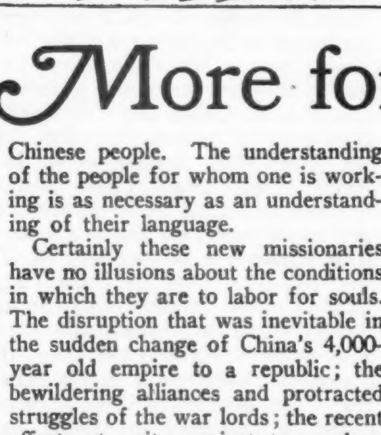


Three More for China

THERE is great rejoicing among the Passionist missionaries in Hunan, for they have received the news that three more Fathers are soon to join them. On May 28, Fathers Leo Joseph Berard, C.P., Linus Lombard, C.P., and Denis Fogarty, C.P., will sail on the "Chichibu Maru" for China. These young missionaries are particularly well equipped for their future work. They have had a short medical course in which they have learned much that will be of great service to them in the missions. Cut off from all medical attention, our missionaries in Hunan suffer greatly at times from sickness. Recent letters report one Father now in need of dental attention, and two others who need assistance such as only one trained in medicine can give. It is well, in circumstances like these, if a fellow missionary, who has a knowledge of medicine, can be reached to give some relief. Furthermore, charity to the Chinese has found a fertile outlet in the care of their sick. In many cases, especially in the early days of newly-opened missions, medical aid has been responsible for contacts that were followed by conversions.

These three Fathers have also the great advantage of having learned here in America the rudiments of the Chinese language. This knowledge will remove, almost from the beginning, that feeling of utter strangeness and helplessness which is the lot of most missionaries on their arrival in China. Best of all, they have learned something of the history, culture, and the characteristics of the Chinese people. The understanding of the people for whom one is working is as necessary as an understanding of their language.

Certainly these new missionaries have no illusions about the conditions in which they are to labor for souls. The disruption that was inevitable in the sudden change of China's 4,000-year old empire to a republic; the bewildering alliances and protracted struggles of the war lords; the recent efforts at unity against tremendous difficulties; these have left China torn and bleeding and half-dazed. During the past twenty years, according to one of China's writers, China has undergone more changes than in the previous twenty centuries; from autocracy to a democracy; from a country whose coastal cities were international semi-colonies, to a sovereign state; from medieval agriculture and handicraft to modern industrialism; from Buddhism and Confucianism to science eventually, and perhaps to Christianity. China is in the midst of a thousand changes, a thousand conflicts, a thousand struggles in ideas, institutions, groups and individuals.



Father Leo J. Berard, C.P.

IT is in this atmosphere of change and conflict—sometimes dangerous, always interesting, and of far-reaching importance—that our missionaries are carrying on their work. In just such a period of strife and effort at reunion, in the fifth century, China became practically a Buddhist country. The empire at that time had been greatly weakened by rebellions, and Indian scholars, brought with Buddhism, something of Indian civilization to China. Chinese monks—pious, bold and patient, ill-content with the incomplete instruction which they received from foreign monks—went at their own risk as far as India. There they passed some years in great Buddhist monasteries, learned Sanscrit, and then returned to bring to the Buddhist convents of China both the theoretical doctrine and the practical experiences of their asceticism. Modern China, is not, as some fancy, a wholly lawless land. Some of her

Father Linus Lombard, C.P.

leaders, and many of the classes are seeking for spiritual support from various sources. The invitations that have been extended to western professors, to philosophers of America and Europe to lecture at Chinese universities is significant. Significant, too, is the report that has just come to us that the townsfolk of Tchangkoa, in the prefecture of Tsining, have asked Bishop Evarist Chang to be received as a unit into the Church.

For the most part, Fathers Leo, Linus and Denis will find themselves occupied with individual souls who come, one by one, often at much sacrifice, to receive the Faith. They will find the Chinese a sociable, hardworking and frugal people and possessed of singular cheerfulness under shocking adversities. They will learn why Monsignor Cuthbert O'Gara wrote in this strain to Father Alfred Cagney, C.P., on the latter's arrival in China: "I suppose that some of the 'patriots' were uncivil enough to fire at you during your trip to Hankow. Don't let such a reception discourage you. These zealots, whatever they may think themselves to be, do not represent the best element in the land—the element which forms the backbone of the nation, and which we in the interior have grown to admire and love."

A joyous and enthusiastic welcome awaits the new missionaries in Hunan, both from their companions and from the Catholics of the prefecture.

Father Leo Joseph, C.P., baptized William Francis Berard, was born in Cambridge, Mass., October 27, 1898. He attended the Christian Brothers School at St. Mary's parish in Waltham, Mass., from which he graduated. After several years of work he entered Boston College High School and was graduated in the class of 1922. Through attending a religious profession at the novitiate in Pittsburgh in the fall of 1921, he became interested in the Passionist Congregation and entered that same novitiate after leaving high school.

He was clothed in the Passionist habit September 3, 1922, and was professed on September 9 of the following year. His studies were begun in Baltimore, continued in Scranton, Boston, Union City and finally completed in the new monastery of the Immaculate Conception at Jamaica, Long Island, New York. Cardinal O'Connell conferred tonsure and minor orders on him at the diocesan seminary in Boston, May 16, 17 and 18, 1927. On September 21, 1929, he received subdeaconship from Bishop Walsh of Newark who likewise conferred on him the order of deacon on December 21 of the same year. On March 15, 1930, he was raised to the holy priesthood by Bishop Paul Nussbaum of Marquette, in the monastery church at Jamaica.

Father Ernest Cunningham, C.P., Former Pastor of Kaotsun.

Father Denis M. Fogarty, C.P.

Father Denis Mary, C.P., formerly Alfred Fogarty, was born the third of November, 1904, in the town of Winchendon, Mass. His early school days were spent in the schools of Lawrence, Mass., as a member of St. Mary's parish. The greater part of his youth was spent in that city. His first years of high school were spent at St. John's Preparatory College at Danvers, Mass.

While attending a mission conducted by the Passionist Fathers in Lawrence he was struck with the idea of becoming a member of that body of men. He applied for admission into that Congregation in April, 1920, and was admitted into Holy Cross Preparatory College of the Passionists at Dunkirk, New York, September 14, 1920. He entered the novitiate at Pittsburg on July 25, 1922, and was vested in the holy habit on August 13. After a year spent in the novitiate under the guidance of Father Stanislaus he was permitted to make his first religious profession on the Feast of the Assumption, the 15th of August, 1923.

His student life was spent in the Passionist monasteries in Baltimore, Scranton, Boston, Union City and Jamaica, Long Island. While in Boston he received the minor orders in May, 1927. He received the subdeaconate on September 21, and the deaconate on December 21 from Bishop Walsh of Newark. He was

ordained to the holy priesthood on March 15, by Bishop Nussbaum of Marquette, while stationed at the monastery at Jamaica, Long Island. In December, 1929, he was chosen for the Chinese missions with two other companions.

Father Linus (Richard H. Lombard) was born on Jaunary 3, 1902, at Everett, Mass. He attended school there and took his high school course with the Jesuits at Boston College High School in Boston. He was graduated from there on June 20, 1920. He entered the novitiate at Pittsburgh on August 5, 1922, received the habit on September 3 of the same year, and was professed on the ninth of September, 1923. He received tonsure and minor orders in May, 1927, from Cardinal O'Connell at Boston; subdeaconate and deaconate from Bishop Walsh at the Newark Seminary on September 21, and December 21, 1929. He was ordained on March 15, 1930, at our monastery church of the Immaculate Conception in Jamaica, Long Island, by Bishop Paul Nussbaum, C. P.

THE SIGN readers will be happy to join us in praying that these generous-souled missionaries may have a safe voyage, and a fruitful apostolate in Hunan.

Kaotsun: A Thriving Village

By THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.

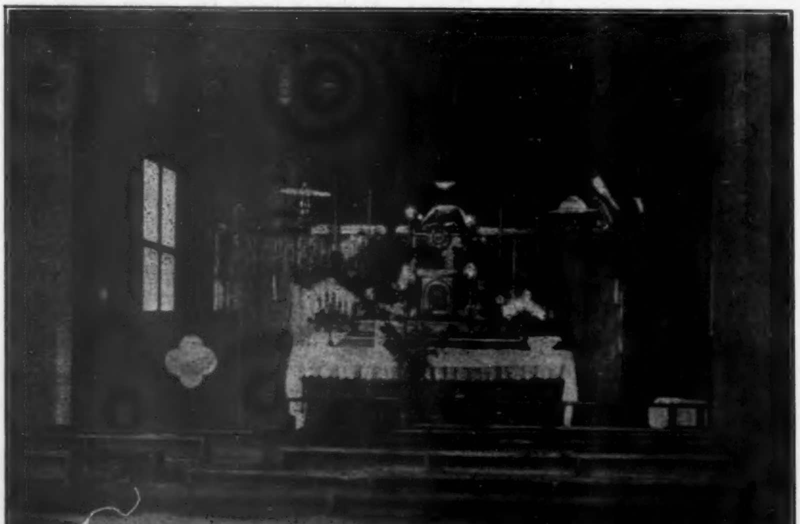
THE Mayang River, hurrying eagerly down from the mountains of Western Hunan, cuts deeply into the fertile soil through which it passes. Stretched out on a high plateau on its southern bank is the village of Kaotsun. A single main street, lined with stores, runs parallel with the river. Back of the shops are the homes of the villagers. Well-kept vegetable gardens lie between the town and the larger farms of the countryside. There is about the place an air of peace.

Kaotsun has not been free from petty armies and banditry. Indeed, the Home Guard has played an important, and unhappily not always a commendable part, in local history. In slack seasons temptation has sometimes proven too great for these young men of the village constabulary, and they have taken to the hills for adventure and loot. But, on the whole, the sturdy farmers have been able to enforce peace. Such were conditions in 1921 when Father Joseph, an Augustinian, came from Chenki to establish a station there. There is little change today. The record of the intervening years is one that gives high hope and engenders intense interest.

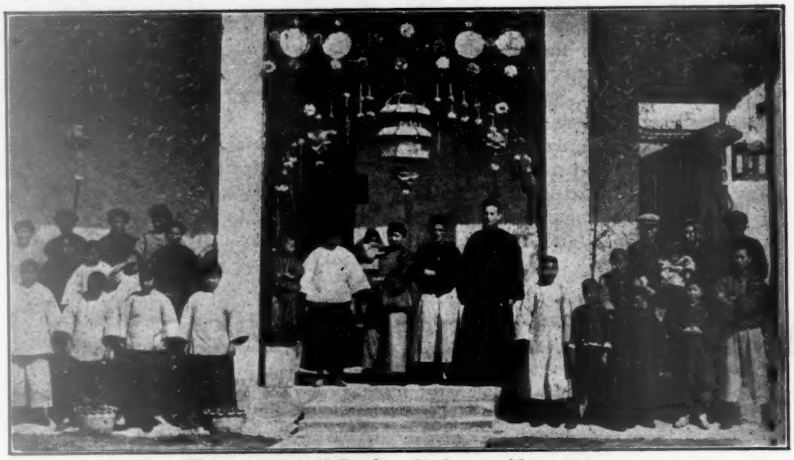
In 1923 Father Paul Ubinger, C.P., came from Chenki to purchase the property now occupied by the Kaotsun mission. The buildings are of Chinese brick. The rooms, opening out into a series of court-yards, serve as school, home for the missionary, and quarters for the catechist. The chapel seats nearly a hundred persons, But these improvements were made over an extended period. When Father Gregory McEttrick, C.P., visited Kaotsun in 1925 he found the mission badly in need of repairs. He made the place habitable for Father Ernest Cunningham, C.P., who arrived as resident missionary in Kaotsun in March, 1926.

Father Ernest was to have a memorable initiation as missionary of this district. In July he set out for Chenki where he had important business. Thirteen miles below Kaotsun his boat was boarded, as he thought, by soldiers. In reality they proved to be bandits. He was bound, and the boat plundered. Led five miles into the mountains, he was stripped of everything. His captors returned to him a pair of pajamas and a pair of socks. He was asked to produce $30,000 or 300 guns. Father Ernest replied that even had the ransom been but $50.00 he would not pay it. He well realized that a ready compliance with their demands would but encourage them to further boldness. One bandit favored shooting him immediately, and would probably have carried out his intention had not the other outlaws seized his gun. Father Ernest was marched further into the mountains and there, with a rope tied around his arms and neck, thrown into a hut. A constant bandit guard prevented any hope of escape.

His food was wheat, which the bandits ground and boiled. They offered it with apologies that they had neither rice nor vegetables. These were famine days, and the bandits themselves had the same fare as their captive. The bandits took advantage of night to move to another farm house. Messages came from bandit headquarters that men were on the way to torture the prisoner unless he consented to pay the ransom. On the sixth day of his captivity an old man, a Christian from Lanni, came to the farm house. His recognition of Father Ernest almost proved disastrous to both of them. Finally he



The Chapel at Kaotsun Exposition. The Chapel was Rebuilt After It Had Been Wrecked by the Reds in 1927.



Kaotsun Chapel During Christmastide, 1930.

caught the message the priest signaled to him, and started for Kaotsun.

Two days later a half-starved lad of the neighborhood motioned to Father Ernest that he was going to bring news of the bandits' whereabouts to the military. He kept his word. But at midnight a soldier appeared, telling the outlaws that the military had been appealed to, but had put off the request for help. The next morning at day-break, however, just as the bandits were preparing to move away, the doors of the hut were shattered by bullets, and the yell of the approaching soldiers rent the air. Three of the bandits were killed, another was taken prisoner, and others escaped. Father Ernest was free again!

After spending some time in a neighboring mission, Father Ernest wished to return to Kaotsun. He knew, though, that should he be recognized by friends of the bandits, he would find himself once again in real danger. He tried strategy. When he returned to Kaotsun it was as a venerable man, with full-flowing beard! Though he had no further serious experience with bandits in his own district, he travelled over a dangerous route whenever he went to the neighboring missions of Chenki or Yuanchow. On nearly all of these trips he had to hire an escort of a hundred soldiers. At times, even with a guard of three hundred men, he could not get through to those cities, so easy of ambush were the strategic mountain passes held by the outlaws.

Seldom did the route of a fellow missionary pass through Kaotsun so that there were long stretches when Father Ernest saw none of his companions. So many of the people of the district became interested in religion, and applied for instruction that he found much to occupy his attention both at Kaotsun and at the station of Lanni. At Kaotsun the village Christians attended instructions regularly, and came daily to Mass and to evening prayers.

Every other Sunday he went to Lanni, eight miles away. Here was a faithful flock. Even when the missionary was not there they gathered for prayers. Father Ernest gives us an attractive picture of these Lanni Christians. Farmers most all of them, without schooling, theirs is a difficult task to learn the doctrines of the Faith. There earnestness has suggested an ingenious solution of their difficulties. They tie their catechisms around their necks, to have their books at hand for every spare moment to study doctrine and prayers. Plowing their fields, or doing chores about the house they pause to memorize. Guiding their mild-eyed clumsy water-buffaloes through the flooded rice-paddies, these simple farmers halt now and then to call to a companion for help on some word they do not understand.

The Chinese have always admired diligent students. Tales are told of ambitious young men who studied by the aid of moonlight reflected from the snow; of one who fastened his queue to a high beam to prevent his sleeping; of another who read by the light of captured glow-worms. Like these students of old, the Lanni Christians are inspired with a diligence that may become a tradition in the history of the missions. These countrymen are very, very poor; too poor to buy oil for long burning. So at night they build fires of long mountain grass and brushwood, and lie around them, pouring over their prayer books and catechisms.

Over this promising territory broke the Red wave of Communism in 1927. Father Ernest went to Yuanchow, and remained there until those hectic days were over. On his return to Kaotsun he found his mission looted and wrecked. Soldiers had burned the altar and the flooring, and broken through the brick walls. At Lanni the house rented for the mission was partially destroyed. He rebuilt in both places. At Kaotsun he slept in the open until a shelter was prepared; at Lanni he spent two weeks in the mountains while repairs were being made at his little station there. It was at this time that he had the novel experience of baptizing a child in the very hut where just a year before, he had been held a captive by bandits.

In July, 1929, Father Ernest was called to care for the Yuanchow mission. Father Basil Bauer, C.P., took charge at Kaotsun. He further improved the buildings, and used to good advantage his opportunities to instruct the faithful. A year later Father Basil returned to his former mission of Wangtsun. Father Cormac Shanahan, C.P., now pastor of Kaotsun, speaks of enthusiasm of his flock both there and at Lanni. There are a hundred Christians in Kaotsun, and one hundred and fifty in and about the village of Lanni. Adult baptisms are now averaging between twenty and thirty a year.

In the entire Passionist mission district in Hunan, Kaotsun, is unique in this: that since 1928 the authorities there are enforcing the laws against the raising of opium. National and provincial edicts have been issued ordering the people not to raise opium, but these laws have been too often ignored. The use of opium has been a curse to China, and one of the greatest obstacles to the conversion of the Chinese, so that no more hopeful sign could appear in any district than the efforts of the officials of Kaotsun to save their people from this curse. On that fertile plateau rice and other grains are now growing where acres and acres of poppies once bloomed. Pressure is bearing ever harder on the remaining bandits of that district, so that the prospect for peace is good.

THE SIGN readers are asked to pray that the missionaries will have peace and enlarged opportunities to profit by the favorable dispositions of the people.

More than 2,000 Years Ago

By Jeremiah McNamara, C.P.

Last week I spent a few days at the out-station of Wusu, a village about fifteen miles distant from the central mission of Shenchow. The weather was enjoyable, so I walked. With me were six of our Catholic boys who attend the local Middle School. The boys at the time were enjoying a vacation, and were quite happy at the prospect of getting to the country for a while. I am no great success as a hiker, but I carried my weight, well over two hundred pounds, rather gracefully until we reached a point about five miles from Wusu. There I went lame. The last stretch of the road was painful.

Some good laughs at my expense were in store for the boys. We crossed the river, on whose further bank was the village of Wusu. The catechist greeted me warmly, and prepared tea. He offered me a chair which reminded me of a camp stool. The frame was of wood, the seat a piece of buffalo skin. I knew that such a chair was hazardous. But with such courtesy was it offered that I cast experience to the winds and manouvered myself into this quaint bit of furniture. A moment later I was on the floor, with the ruins of the chair about me.

The next morning after Mass we partook of a real Chinese meal; rice, buffalo meat flavored with peppers, Chinese cabbage, and turnips. Breakfast over, the lads who had come with me invited me to accompany them to an historic cave on the opposite side of the river that passes just in front of our mission at Wusu. I was footsore and weary from my walk of the previous day, but the prospect of seeing something of historical interests made me decide in favor of the hike.

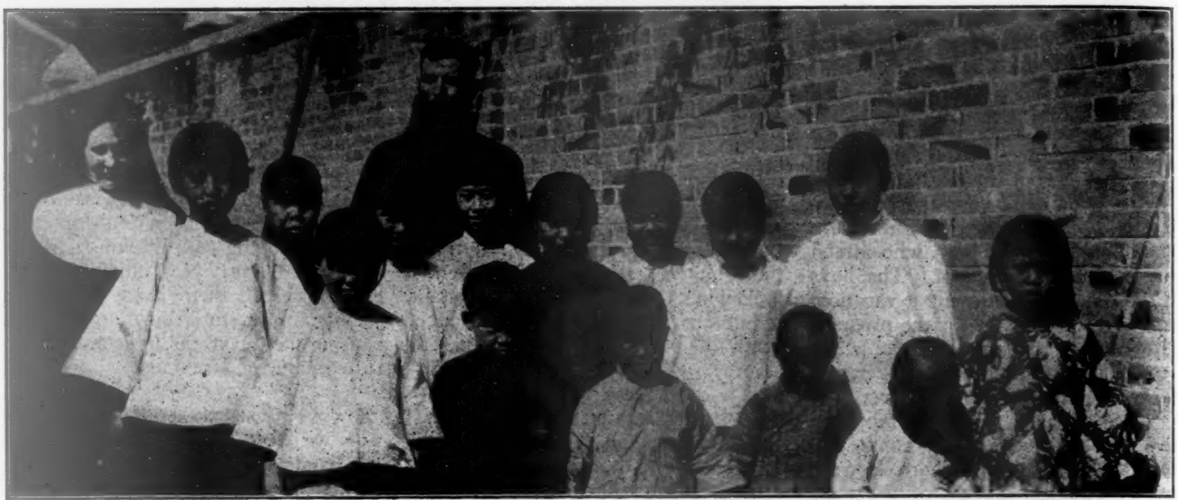
We crossed the stream, and were soon scaling a cliff. It was less than a mile walk, but as steep a climb as I had yet had in the celestial kingdom. As I neared the top I was forced to make use of the proffered help of the boys, who almost dragged me up the narrow ascent. At the mouth of the cave was a small shed. From this shelter, which is half slung over the cliff, we had a pleasing view of the surrounding country; the two waterways winding away in the distance; the village, lying peacefully in the valley below; and to the left our little mission at Wusu. The thought came to me of a day, long years ago, when I heard my dear companion, Father Godfrey Holbein, C.P., preach there his first sermon in Chinese. I looked farther off into the distant mountains and recalled how once, some five years ago, I had walked to a home, six miles from Wusu, to baptize a catechumen. I had the joy of bringing her first and last holy communion, her Viaticum. Still farther off in those hills I had followed on different occasions the funeral processions of seven or eight Christians. There in their native hills I had given them Christian burial.

My reverie was interrupted by the boys, who were eager to explore the cave. The entrance was but shoulder high. Stooping, we entered it. There, in the very center of the cave, was a table with three small idols resting on it. To the left of the table, written on white cloth, were several thousand Chinese characters, each group of characters telling of a blessing to be obtained, for the asking, from the idols. On the opposite side of the table were small strips of bamboo, in a wooden bowl, on each of which was written a number. The devotees of the idols pray, draw one of the bamboo slips, read the number, and consult the corresponding figure on the list of characters. The favors, according to popular belief, will most certainly be granted by the idols of this cave. On such nonsense have these poor people been fed for centuries, until the consultation of idols has entered into every important circumstance of their lives. So will they continue to believe until such time as they have the light and grace to worship the true God.

As we passed the table of the idols we were forced to go down on our hands and knees in order to enter farther into the sloping cave. We had come without torch or light of any kind, so we made an effort to dispel the darkness by lighting some papers we had found. We were surprised to see that the cave branched off into two smaller passages. The opening to the right was not very deep, and one of the boys crawled to the end of it. The branch to the left reached farther than we could see with the poor lighting, so we returned to the mouth of the cave. There we met a native who told us what he knew of the probable depth of the cave. He explained its history, and recounted the popular superstitions, connected with it.

This man had never penetrated far into the cave, but he assured us that it was of great depth. Among the

Kaotsun's "First Citizen" With His Two Children and a Friend.



Father Edward McCarthy and Sister St. Ann, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, with some of the children who celebrated Christmas at the Yuanchow Mission.

popular traditions of the people was this one. Long ago the villagers of Wusu were in great distress because of the repeated failure of the rice crop. One of the Buddhist priests from a neighboring temple offered to go through the cave to beseech the spirits who dwelt there to assist the famine stricken people of Wusu. This priest reported that he had travelled about ten miles through the cave; that it led him through many turnings, under the bed of the North river, and under the mountains on the opposite bank, until he came to the surface again on top of Chi Kung Shan, Rooster Mountain. This story is likely the fabrication of some mind raised to heights of imagination by the help of an opium pipe.

Of far greater interest is the popular and creditable tradition of this cave. It is this. In the years 221 to 209 B.C. there reigned over China a ruler called Ch'in Shih Hwang Ti. While the six remaining fuedal lords of the time had been warring against each other, four of Ch'in Shih Hwangs' predecessors were strengthening their own power. One after the other the smaller lords were crushed, and the Ch'in family became supreme. To insure this imperialism which he established Ch'in Shih Hwang, at the instigation of his minister, decreed the destruction of all the literature which was in the hands of the people. Writings on history, geography, philosophy, poetry—all came under the ban. The law was put in force. Historians have attributed this act of the emperor to his effort to obliterate all records of the fuedal system. Others, scholars and citizens, branded the act as that of an impious tyrant. To prove their assertion the people point to the tyranny of the Ch'in family in building the Great Wall, with such blood and tears. They point also to the immense palace, constructed on grandiose lines for the same emperor, by the labors of hundreds of thousands of prisoners. So historians and the people dispute over this superstitious, capable man, who had a will of iron.

Be that as it may, the decree of the emperor caused the destruction of many prized works of literature. It also made history in the little village of Wusu in 213 B.C. For tradition there has it that the people of this section of Hunan heard rumors of the edict before it was actually promulgated. Immediately the villagers, led by the scholars, gathered together thousands of copies of the classics. In the dead of night they climbed the steep cliff at Wusu. Here, in the cave we had just visited, they hid their literary treasures. So graphically had the villager told the story that these boys, present day scholars, and myself were carried back in imagination over two thousand years. We seemed to see the scholars and the country folk of that far distant date toiling up the steep cliff with their precious loads of books to hide them in this cave.

We had spent a very enjoyable hour. As we descended, the native pointed out to us a large stone a few feet below the entrance to the cave. On this slab is carved, in Chinese characters, the inscription "Ku Tsang Shu Chu," which means, "The Ancient Hiding Place of the Books." So much does this tradition mean to the people of Wusu that even at this late date, and in their poverty, they have constructed a path that the interested stranger may visit the historic cave.

I quite forgot my weariness on the way back to the mission. I was thinking of the several times when we had to hide the sacred vessels and vestments in recent years. I was thinking of some bitter disappointments that I had experienced in this very mission of Wusu. Here was a lesson for me. Even twenty centuries ago these people had loved culture and literature, and had prized the classics. Two thousand years had passed, and still they related with pride the deeds of their ancestors who had risked much to save the books of that day. Here were peasants, almost slaves to the soil, since they had no other means of livelihood; here were simple countryfolk, living in poverty, with the haunting threat of famine never far away. Yet they had ideals. They had a veneration for learning, of which their poverty and lack of opportunities could not rob them. Surely, when once they have really grasped the word of the Faith that we, Christ's priests, are offering they will prize it above everything. There is a nobility of soul here which promises much for the Church.

WILL the readers of THE SIGN join in my prayer that God may enlighten these people? It is really true that the greatest obstacles are swept away before fervent, persevering prayer.

The Missionary Exhaustion

By William Westhoven, C.P.

WASHING clothes and eating rice: the Chinese mind runs deeper than this. It is the God-given privilege of missionary priests and sisters to open the minds of these people unto the knowledge of God. "To all these people," did I say? It is more exact to write, "to a few of these 450 million people." Certainly the concentrated efforts of a foreign missionary, contrary to what we imagined before setting out from our home land, are expended rather on the few than on the masses. We labor for all, yet reach comparatively few. We do not baptize from early dawn 'till far into the night; neither do we stand at the mission gate, basket in hand to "catch" abandoned babes; nor do we rest a weary head at night because of long hours spent in the confessional. The great exhaustion is patience, well-ordered charity, suffering, prayer, doctrinal instruction — above all that spending of oneself without reserve on the needs of each individual soul.

From time to time we are rewarded abundantly.

Perhaps it is a "p'o p'o" (an old woman), whose deep faith surprises us. "Sen Fu, may I make the Way of the Cross once each day?" "Why do you wish to do this?" the priest inquires. "It is this way. You see, I have a wayward son; he won't listen to me—there is no other way but to pray more for him." Over to the church the sorrow-burdened mother goes, around the Stations from the first to the last, book in hand, bowing low and kneeling long before each commemoration of the Master's uphill journey. Meanwhile the priest is especially fervent at his divine office, and with reason! "Why do you use a prayer-book, my good woman?" Glory be! she neither reads nor writes. "'Tis a bother, I know, but I thought one must use it," she replies. Telling this dear old soul how to meditate the Via Crucis — I call neither a mighty exertion nor a great exhaustion, but a Passionist's special joy.

Again, two little girls from the street step shyly, hand-in-hand, into my room with a request ready to spill over their lips. One looks at the other and the priest catches the whisper. "You ask the Sen Fu." The priest prepares himself for anything and everything as these youngsters surely talk without effort once the ice has been broken. "Sen Fu, have you a rosary for us this morning?" "Well, well, a rosary, eh? Is that all? Now tell me, how many beads have you at home?" Answers are quick and many. The two children are at no loss for words until their pleading induces the missionary to produce the beads. They depart, promising to say the first rosary for the Sen Fu.

ANOTHER day the "old woman of the Stations" returns with a woman in tow, a catechumen who has been faithful at daily Mass for six months. Immediately there is enacted one of the most touching scenes imaginable. The catechumen gets on her knees, bows profoundly and stays "down" despite the priest's words, "get up, get up." What does it all mean? With a directness born of an appreciation of the faith the "woman of the Stations" asks pointedly, "Sen Fu, will you give her an answer to-

As the Passionist Missionary travels up the Yangste River to his headquarters in Hunan he sees many a strange sight. Not the least interesting is the one here pictured—a group of men and women carriers.

Fathers Anthony and Antoine in the yard of the Girls' School of the Chenki Mission.

day? She wants to be baptized." (This isn't the first time the woman has got on her knees, you understand.) Here again, in the examination of motives and the repeated explanation of doctrine, the missionary's energy and zeal are used for this one soul.

A WEEK-DAY evening: the priest engaged in preparing the next Sunday sermon. A young man calls at the office. "I intend to leave home, to join the army." A "tough case," says the priest to himself. Beginning from the day of the lad's baptism the priest works up to the present tense. Both sides of the question are laid bare, dangers to soul and body in army life are exposed, parental and marital duties are explained, future regrets are emphasized should the wrong course be followed. Once more it is a priestly exhaustion for one soul, not for the many.

The missionary has set himself for an hour's study of Chinese or is desperately endeavoring to acknowledge letters of benefactors and friends. The priest's Mass server steps in and wants to talk. Why not? Time means nothing to him. Patience must be taken in hand, and held tightly. More than likely before this inquisitive youngster departs he will have asked and received an answer to questions, covering a wide range of subjects.

"Did our Lord insult Himself when giving Judas Holy Communion at the Last Supper? I make an act of faith, is this an act of the intellect or of the will? How can I be happy in Heaven if my pagan father and mother are lost forever in Hell? Which is the greatest of the three enemies of the soul, the world, the flesh or the devil? Has the devil something to do with every sin we commit? Why did God single out me, the only one of the entire family, to be a Catholic? What effect have the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost on the body in which the soul dwells—is this effect direct or indirect? Are sins committed after Confirmation more grievous than sins committed before the reception of Confirmation? By what standard can I judge my Communions to be received worthily? Over how large an area did Our Lord preach during His three years of public life? What effect has virginity on a person's complexion? Has the Pope more than one Guardian Angel? Will souls who are damned in hell have a damned angel to accompany them through an eternity of torments? If I kneel and receive the priest's blessing, does my Guardian Angel also desire and receive the blessing? Can I send my Guardian Angel to Rome for the Holy Father's blessing? What supports the accidents of bread and wine after the consecration of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood of our Lord during Holy Mass? Suppose a priest's cook tells in Confession that he has put poison in the supper, to kill the priest. If the priest eats the food and dies would he not thereby be guilty of suicide? If he refuses to eat the meal would he not violate the seal of Confession? What would the priest do in such a case? What are mystical espousals?" By this time the missionary is gasping, "enough, enough for today; come another time." Secretly in his heart the priest checks off another "exhaustion" expended on one soul.

Please do pray much for our work in China.

Four of the orphans in the Sisters' care.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

THE OBJECT: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

THE METHODS: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

MEMBERSHIP: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

OBLIGATIONS: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Masses Said	39
Masses Heard	33,783
Holy Communions	25,271
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	50,326
Spiritual Communions	78,001
Benediction Services	11,000
Sacrifices, Sufferings	99,209
Stations of the Cross	15,582
Visits to the Crucifix	42,917
Beads of the Five Wounds	9,992
Offerings of Precious Blood	154,489
Visits to Our Lady	31,862
Rosaries	42,444
Beads of the Seven Dolors	6,957
Ejaculatory Prayers	4,078,129
Hours of Study, Reading	92,265
Hours of Labor	78,844
Acts of Kindness, Charity	52,388
Acts of Zeal	60,799
Prayers, Devotions	458,398
Hours of Silence	39,665
Various Works	104,889
Holy Hours	96

THE REWARD: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

THE PATRON: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

HEADQUARTERS: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

"Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (*Eci.* 7, 39.)

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

MSGR. CHARLES F. VITTA
REV. FR. JAMES O'BRIEN
REV. HENRY HOFMANN
REV. ROBT. F. O'DONOVAN
MOTHER M. ARSENIA
SR. SERAPHINE GERNY, R. G. S.
SR. M. IGNATIA
SR. M. MARGERY GRAHAM
JOHN S. HEEP
ANNE M. LENIHAN
JOHN J. O'BRIEN
MRS. A. O'HANLON
MARY LAWRENCE
MARIA BASSO
ELIZABETH HYNDS
ANNA RUTH CAVANARO
MARGARET CALLAHAN
MARGARET LONG
MRS. K. T. SEITZ
MRS. A. MELCHERS
MRS. GEORGE L. KENNEDY
SADIE G. MACNEIL
MRS. J. R. HANEY
MISS S. JORDAN
MRS. M. J. O'HAREN
EILEEN MORAN
JOHN G. OHLEYER
FRANK A. ZILIAK
SADIE F. ROGERS
GERTRUDE LANGLOIS
DELIA HALLORAN
FRANCES McDERMOTT
MRS. M. KAPP
MICHAEL J. McGRATH, JR.
CECELIA CLEMENTS
RICHARD O'CONNELL
MARGARET HOLMES
ANDREW KERLEY
ELEANOR T. GREY
MR. F. McAULIFFE
JULIA CAREY
DANIEL JOSEPH MURPHY
MARGARET J. CALLAHAN
MARY CARROLL
M. A. HICKEY
MATTHIAS MENSE
CATHERINE E. GAERTNER
CATHERINE HARKINS
ALFRED W. McCANN
M. BELLA LEAHY
MRS. K. KALB
DANIEL KISER
MARY A. PARET
IRENE A. KELLEY
MARIA SMITH
ELIZABETH CAVENEY
MARY WARREN
MARY THORNE
TERESA HARRINGTON
MARY KORFF
MARY O'CONNELL
GEORGE DAWSON
HELEN R. BOYD
LORETTA M. SEAVER
ROBERT B. WYNKOOP
MRS. DANIEL SHEA
MARTIN McILVAINE
WILLIAM COBURN
THOMAS M. McSWEENEY
WILLIAM HORAN
MARY A. HEALY
WILLIAM DEMPSEY
A. J. ZOLLER
ANNA NOLAN
MOSES NOLAN
MRS. M. J. KEANE
MARY DUGAN
LEO DUGAN
FRANCIS A. AMRHEIN
JOSEPH RYAN
PATRICK SCANLON
CATH'INE McDERMOTTROE
PATRICK CANAVAN
ELIZABETH McDERMOTT
MARY J. CLEMENT
LILLIAN REDMOND
MICHAEL O'REILLY
EDWARD J. SPARGO
JOHN DULLAHAN
MRS. A. FOGARTY
L. J. GLENNON
MARY McNALLY
ALICE K. MURPHY
MRS. THOMAS O'BRIEN
SARA DUNN
MICHAEL DUNN
ELLA COLEMAN
MRS. STATES
ANNA M. SMEDLEY
SARAH R. O'BRIEN
CATHERINE O'SULLIVAN
MICHAEL J. HEALY
JAMES DUFFY
MICHAEL SHERIDAN
JAMES GREENE
MINNIE ROY
THOMAS JOS. MULLINS.
MRS. FRANCIS SENGER
EMMA DEPPEN
MARY MILTENBERGER
MRS. J. E. SCHULTZE
FRANK STANDLEY
ROSA POELTL
ANNA F. HACK
ELIZABETH SABATHE

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen.

WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I die I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of .... ($) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within................ months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this...... day of ...., 19

Signed ....

Witness ....

Witness ....

Witness ....

Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want —the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.,
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

1 READERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

MISSION NEEDS

2 NOT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About $300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is $5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

3 IT HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of .. .. ($) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this **bequest** *be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

YOUR LAST WILL

Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.